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The Shape of Things

AMERICAN LISTENERS WHO HAD NOT BEEN following British politics must have found the second half of Mr. Churchill's Sunday radio talk rather puzzling. After presenting one of his usual sweeping surveys of the war, he suddenly switched to the domestic front. In a bitter attack he castigated critics who, he said, were demanding complete solutions of all post-war problems. Clearly, this reflects the groundswell of opposition in Britain which has recently overwhelmed several government nominees at by-elections. The form of Mr. Churchill's counter-attack indicated his awareness of popular insistence on a new and different Britain after the war. He claimed that, while the war always came first, the government had not been negligent in social planning. He pointed to the Education and Health bills now before Parliament and promised a comprehensive social-security measure in the near future. Finally he outlined a large scheme of public housing and probably startled some of our economic royalists by his reminder that the British government had power to take all land needed for state purposes at its 1939 valuation.

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THE SENATE WENT ON A RAMPAGE LAST week, sending the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill back to the House festooned with amendments of a legislative nature entirely out of place in a money bill. One of these was a triumph for Senator McKellar of Tennessee, who has long been conducting a spite attack on the Tennessee Valley Authority. Originally he had attached sixteen amendments to this bill, all aimed at T. V. A., but strong opposition compelled him to drop all but one. However, the sixteenth, which provides that T. V. A. must come to Congress for all operating expenses instead of using its receipts as a revolving fund, threatens to bind with red tape a most efficient and useful agency. Friends of public power put up a good fight against this amendment. But amazingly, another McKellar proposal—to compel Senatorial confirmation of all government employees earning more than $4,500 a year—was approved without debate. Clearly it will be impossible for the Senate to give proper consideration to the thousands of appointments involved, and the result will be interminable delays, "trading" in jobs, and a vast increase in the value of Senatorial patronage. A third

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amendment, sponsored by Senator Russell of Georgia, who said it was aimed at "bureaucracy," abolished all Presidentially created agencies which have functioned for a year unless Congress makes specific appropriations to maintain them. In this case the intended victims are such bodies as the Fair Employment Practices Committee. These amendments now go to the House, which we hope will reject them as political in the worst sense.

*

A PLAN FOR LIMITING PRICE CONTROL TO some forty-five essential commodities is reported to be receiving serious consideration in the Senate Banking Committee. Republicans supporting the proposal argue that there can be no justification for controlling prices on items for which there is no critical need. Actually, an acceptance of the plan would not only imperil the entire stabilization program but play havoc with the production of essential civilian commodities. Inflation, as the President has repeatedly pointed out, must be controlled on every front if it is to be successfully controlled at all. A creeping inflation in non-critical items would create additional buying power which ultimately would swamp all efforts to hold down the prices of essential items. But that is not the worst of it. An increase in the prices of luxury items would inevitably divert labor and capital from the production of essentials into the luxury trades, thus causing shortages of the price-controlled items and surpluses in non-essentials. While it is true that this shift could be limited in part by the WPB and WMC through a system of priorities, experience has shown that direct control, particularly of man-power, is much less effective and arouses much more opposition than over-all price-stabilization.

*

THE JAPANESE DRIVE INTO INDIA IS NOT generally regarded as a major operation. But it has both military and political aspects that are frankly disturbing. Important military results can be achieved only if the Japanese succeed in pushing beyond Imphal to cut the supply lines feeding General Stilwell's remarkably successful offensive in North Burma. In view of the mountain terrain, this objective will be difficult to attain. Indeed, it is quite probable that the Japanese have no intention of pushing beyond Imphal at this time, when the rainy season is approaching. But even this limited gain may have important political repercussions. Premier Tojo's announcement that the Indian nationalist, Subhas Chandra Bose, is accompanying the Japanese troops, indicates that Tokyo intends to set up a puppet Indian state on whatever territory is wrested from the British. The Japanese apparently believe that the establishment of a "free India," even on a small scale, will provoke serious disturbances within India, which, at the very least, will have the effect of hampering Allied offensive plans. They have been encouraged in this belief by a series of anti-British and anti-American speeches in the Indian Legislative Assembly, now in session. Although the possibility of widespread disturbances in support of the Japanese is discounted in the heavily censored dispatches that reach this country from India, the danger is probably greater than is admitted.

*

AUTHENTIC INFORMATION FROM INSIDE India is scarce nowadays. It is difficult to find out how Indians feel or what they are doing. But apparently, in common with people in many other countries, they are working on post-war plans. A commission consisting of India's biggest business men has worked out a Fifteen-Year Plan of economic development involving an expenditure of thirty billion dollars. Among the members of the commission are Mr. J. R. D. Tata, the head of India's largest steel corporation, G. Birla, the textile magnate, Sir Purshottamdas Thakurdas, Dr. John Mattai, and many others. Mr. Tata, a thirty-eight-year-old Parsi, has made himself the spokesman of the plan. Most of the money is to be Indian money. The immediate goals contemplated are a 130 per cent increase in the output of agriculture, and a 500 per cent increase in industrial income. "Food, clothing, schooling for everybody up to the fifth form, and a dispensary with one doctor and two nurses in each village" is the fifteen-year aim. Food exports are to be discouraged. In launching it, the commission stated that "the underlying assumption of the scheme is that shortly after the war, India will have a national government with full freedom in economic matters and that the economic unity of the country shall be maintained on a federal basis." The plan has been submitted to the British government of India.

*

ALTHOUGH THE UNITED STATES WILL SOON be going into a huddle with Britain and Russia on post-war international aviation, it does not yet seem to have a policy of its own. Among other questions still to be decided is whether American overseas air services are to be organized on a monopolistic or on a competitive basis. This is a very burning topic indeed in air-transport circles. Sixteen of the seventeen domestic air lines, nearly all of which have been gaining experience of international flying during the war, are insisting on competition and their right to expand internationally. They are therefore up in arms about a bill, introduced by Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, creating a "billion-dollar All-American Flag Line," which, he says, "must and shall be the leading air carrier . . . throughout the world." The line would operate under a federal charter but would be a privately owned corporation in which the domestic

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air lines would be allowed to participate along with the existing foreign services. This is essentially the plan of Pan-American Airways, which up to the beginning of the war enjoyed a de facto monopoly and would now like to have its position legalized. Other major powers, the argument for this policy runs, have and will continue to have one "chosen instrument" to represent their interests in international air transport. Thus, by dissipating American strength among a number of competing companies, we shall severely handicap ourselves in bargaining for reciprocal rights. Pan-American is willing to give the domestic lines a stake in its operations; it is even willing to allow the government a minority interest. But if there is to be a monopoly of this business, which is so intimately connected with foreign policy, the real issue to be decided is whether it can be safely intrusted to a private corporation organized for profit.

*

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR TOOK A NEW turn last week when the booksellers of abolitionist Boston stopped the sale of a book written by a Southerner who believes in racial equality. Censorship in Boston also took a new turn, for the sale of "Strange Fruit," the book in question, was banned not officially by the police but unofficially by the Boston Board of Retail Book Merchants. The all-too-voluntary action of these timid souls occurred, however, shortly after Police Commissioner Thomas F. Sullivan "scanned a copy"—presumably in the usual fashion of policemen turned critics—and indicated a few "objectionable" passages. The booksellers then told the publishers, Reynal and Hitchcock, that if certain "minor changes" were made the book might be dispensed even in Boston. At this point, we are glad to say, somebody stood up straight. The publishers, after consultation with the author, stated that they have no intention whatsoever of making any changes. We don't imagine many residents of Boston will be prevented from reading "Strange Fruit"—and no doubt many will read it who wouldn't otherwise have been interested; but the serious fact remains that a book has been banned in such a manner that, as matters stand, it cannot have its day in court.

*

THE RESIGNATION OF RANDOLPH PAUL AS general counsel of the Treasury Department was perhaps inevitable in view of the harsh treatment accorded his tax programs in Congress. But there are few men in official life who more richly deserve the gratitude of the American people for intelligent and loyal public service. Although Mr. Paul never succeeded in persuading Congress to adopt a vigorous, all-out tax program based on the principle of equal sacrifice for all groups, he was successful in pushing through a much sounder program of war financing than this country had in World War I. Furthermore, by constant struggle, he was able—almost single handed—to protect the American people from a regressive sales tax that would have placed the burden of the war even more completely on the lower-income groups. It is to be hoped that some time in the not too distant future a way will be found to apply his technical knowledge, honesty, and courage to the task of clearing away the fiscal wreckage caused by the two tax measures adopted by the present Congress.

Hitler's Satellites

IT IS much easier to join a criminal gang than to leave it. Quitters, as members of the Hitler outfit are discovering, are liable to be bumped off without ceremony. And apart from this penalty, genuine repentance requires renunciation of the loot which was the original inducement to sign up. Few gangsters are ready to carry reform to such lengths.

It is difficult, therefore, to take too seriously the peace bids, open or furtive, of the Nazi satellite states. True, most of them realize by now that they have backed a loser, but they are so caught up in Hitler's toils that they find it almost impossible to get free. Moreover, they all cling to the hope that somehow they may be able to hang on to the prizes which Hitler handed to them. Hungary, for instance, was very handsomely bribed before it joined the Axis. It received several big pieces of Czechoslovakia, more than half Transylvania, and some coveted corners of Yugoslavia. In short, its alliance with Hitler brought fulfilment of the Greater Hungary program which ever since the last war had been the sole stock in trade of successive governments dominated by the feudal landlords. No Hungarian government dependent on this class and committed to this policy can now voluntarily surrender the loot. That is why we strongly suspect Regent Horthy and his followers of faking, with German assistance, their much-publicized revolt last week. By presenting the German occupation of their country, obviously designed to strengthen the Carpathian defense line against the advancing Russians, as a coup which they vainly resisted, the Hungarian fascists hope to build up a record which will stand them in good stead at the peace table. By posing as victims of Hitler they hope to be allowed to keep some of their illicit gains and retain their power inside Hungary.

Rumania is in a more awkward spot than the Hungary, for it has been a victim as well as a beneficiary of the Axis. It was forced to yield to Hungary a large portion of Transylvania and to Bulgaria a piece of the Dobrudja. In return it was promised Bessarabia and a slice of the southern Ukraine, but it paid dearly in lives for the temporary conquest of these lands, from which its army is now ignominiously fleeing. It has nothing to gain and

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much to lose by staying in the Nazi camp. Nevertheless, the current Rumanian peace feelers do not appear to be made in good faith.

The Rumanian emissary, Prince Barbu Stirbey, is being presented as an independent close to the royal family. But he could not have left Rumania without the approval of both the government and the Gestapo, for his visit to Cairo has been attended by a fanfare of publicity. The Prince is blessed with an English wife and close connections with the British interests which owned much of Rumania's oil before the war. Possibly his hope was to convince the British that Russian invasion of Rumania would be disastrous and to offer to surrender provided the country was occupied by Anglo-American troops. Since Britain and America are in no position to march into Rumania, the only reason for putting such terms forward would be to create bad blood between the Western Allies and Russia. This would explain why Stirbey's mission received a German blessing. Fortunately, the British seem to have referred the Prince to the Russians, and the question of armistice terms to the London European Advisory Commission, on which Russia is represented. According to Washington reports, the terms approved are unconditional surrender and Red Army occupation.

In any case, neither Hungary nor Rumania is in a position to surrender without German permission. They are in the front line of the defense system based on the Carpathians and the marshy country between the mouths of the Danube. And with German troops occupying key points and German officials running the police, the governments of these countries will continue to obey Berlin's orders. We can gain nothing by dickering with them, but we can capitalize the dismal failure of their pro-Axis policies by appealing to the workers and peasants to resist both their own collaborationist rulers and the Nazi invader.

Dewey and the Small Investor

NO ONE will deny that stockholders' suits are subject to abuse, but the evils they involve must be weighed against the far greater corporate abuses from which they offer the small stockholder some slight protection. The Coudert-Mitchell bill passed in the closing hours of the New York legislature would so severely limit the bringing of such suits as to make the remedy available only to the large investor who usually has other means of safeguarding his interests. Under the Coudert-Mitchell bill, a stockholder must post a bond to cover costs unless he owns $50,000 worth of stock or can get the support of 5 per cent of the shareholders. The bond in many instances is likely to be beyond the means of a small stockholder and the task of obtaining the assent of 5 per cent of the shareholders is a difficult one, especially in a widely held corporation.

The bill also introduces the novel principle that a stockholder may not sue for acts committed by a corporation prior to the time when he bought his stock. Were larger and stronger interests involved, this would be attacked as an invasion of property rights. For acts committed long before stock is purchased may seriously affect the value of the securities, and the officials responsible may still be playing a dominant role in the corporation's affairs. It is important to remember that most corporations carry on their affairs in secrecy, providing only a grudging minimum of information to their ostensible "owners." Mismanagement or deliberate plunder of a corporation's assets may remain hidden for years, and may be unknown to the person buying its securities.

We regard the Coudert-Mitchell bill as worthy of national attention. New York is the home of many of our greatest corporations, and suits against their directors cannot be taken into the federal courts unless complete diversity of citizenship is shown. The Wall Street financial interests and corporation lawyers behind this bill may try to get a companion bill introduced in Congress changing the rules of the federal courts to apply similar restrictions to stockholders' suits. Finally, the bill, though a minor one, is a test of Governor Dewey's social outlook. He is being asked to veto the bill, and in making up his mind he will be making a choice between the interests of the small investor and the large corporation.

The laws of New York, by providing judicial supervision over settlements in stockholders' suits and the legal fees granted in them, already furnish considerable safeguards against "strike suits." Additional protection could be granted by permitting the SEC to intervene in stockholders' suits and to be heard on their settlement, as it has the right to be heard today on corporate reorganizations.

It is quite true, as stated in a report for the Chamber of Commerce of New York, that "the derivative action, as maintained by stockholders with a negligible interest in the recovery, is like the informers' action in that it intrusts the correction of general wrongs to litigation for profit." But the remedy is not to take steps which virtually eliminate suits by small stockholders and give corporations protection they do not deserve but to establish some more responsible and public means of correcting corporate abuses. Enactment of the Coudert-Mitchell bill would leave the directors of large corporations freer than they are today to abuse their position of trust in the management of other people's money. The stockholders' suit is little enough protection, and until some better substitute is provided should be left alone. We hope Governor Dewey will veto the bill.

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Total Insecurity

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

TWO weeks ago in this page I discussed the "crisis of confidence" that threatened to engulf the people of Britain and the United States in a wave of cynicism certain to dampen their fighting spirit. Nothing has happened since then to end the threat. Instead, under growing pressure, the leaders of the two countries have either evaded the great issues of policy involved or draped them in such cloudy folds of generalizations that even their contours were lost. Mr. Hull's contribution to the mystification of the people is ably discussed on the page following this one. Mr. Roosevelt, in the course of an otherwise excellent statement urging the free peoples of Europe and Asia to open their doors to the victims of oppression, interjected the suggestion that those persons who "have been going around asking bellhops whether the United States had a foreign policy" could find it right in that statement. This was the President at his worst. People are not asking bellhops about foreign policy; they are asking the President of the United States and his Secretary of State. And they are not getting anything out of them. Mr. Churchill quite correctly told the House of Commons that the Atlantic Charter should be clarified; but when he spoke on Sunday he said nothing about it or about the problems that have turned that set of pious principles into a burning issue.

But our leaders will have to pick this issue up be it ever so hot. Even the President, faced with a hostile Congress and an election campaign, will have to talk about foreign policy and war aims of this country. The people will not be put off with sarcastic flippancies. Men are dying, not only to defeat Hitler and Tojo, but to bring into being a world in which their sons will not have to die the same way. Such a world is not, it seems, emerging from the smoke of this war. Instead the only configurations we can make out look exactly like those of the world that plunged so steeply into the crater. Security through strategic boundaries; security through alliances; security through control of sources of raw materials in distant lands; security through bases; security through the creation of "strong" governments to prevent revolution—security of every unilateral variety, all adding up to total insecurity.

The Atlantic Charter does begin to look rather frayed. No wonder its friends want it either reinforced or altered to fit. I find myself, however, rather indifferent to its fate and I can trace that indifference to a cynicism which, however reprehensible, has existed ever since the document was framed. As Louis Fischer pointed out in his article on Germany two weeks ago, the Charter declared that the nations signing it would "seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other," and that they desired to see "no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned." Why I never took this to be more than an honest aspiration, I don't know. Perhaps because the whole episode of the meeting of Roosevelt and Churchill at sea, and their dramatic proclamation of the eight-point program that afterwards came to be known as the Atlantic Charter, was so patently a political act rather than a sober consideration of war aims. It was an act staged with the one overpowering purpose of committing the United States to a more complete part in the struggle and, by publishing that commitment, of strengthening the resistance to Hitler in every corner of the globe. This does not mean that the Charter was cynically and disingenuously contrived; I have no doubt that it represented the best hopes and the genuine intentions of its authors. But it has always seemed to me foolish to regard it as a rigid formula to be applied categorically to the problems which will face the nations as they slowly fight their way out of the Nazi stranglehold.

What is needed, in my belief, is an understanding among the powers covering the very explicit issues which the war has washed up to their doors. The words used in the Atlantic Charter about annexations are not as important, for instance, as finding a solution for Eastern Poland which, first, satisfies the wishes of the greater part of its population, second, contributes to Russia's sense of security, and, third, outrages as little as possible the reasonable desires of Poland. Questions like these demand wisdom, flexibility, and above all confidence between the nations responsible for a decision. Since these factors are spectacularly lacking on all sides, it is inevitable that decisions should be made by individual powers according to their own ideas of national interest.

The Red Army is marking out the frontiers in Eastern Europe. The British and Americans are planning the future of France without consulting the National Committee of Liberation, and are making political decisions in Italy without consulting anyone. (It is of the greatest significance, if the report is correct, that Secretary Hull told the Republican Congressmen in his "off-the-record" talk last week that Russia's recognition of Badoglio was caused by the failure of Britain and the United States to keep Moscow informed of what they were doing in Italy.) Britain is troubled over our decision—also taken without consultation—to build a pipeline across Saudi Arabia. Britain feels, too, that its large and historic economic interests in the Argentine entitle it to some say in diplomatic dealings with that country's successive fascist governments. So the game of cross-purposes goes on.

It is this game that endangers the whole future. Somehow it must be stopped or no one of our baffled statesmen will be able to find an answer to the question—rising higher, coming now from all sides, increasing in volume: *What are we fighting for?*

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Mr. Hull's Troubles

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 24

GEORGE CREEL may be a poor propagandist, but he is a good prophet. In that ignominiously feeble essay in apologetics The War on Cordell Hull, in *Collier's* for March 11, Mr. Creel predicted that the drive against Hull "is only suspended . . . attacks will start again." The magazine was hardly off the stands before Mr. Hull was once more in hot water. A renewed wave of doubt and dissatisfaction has swept the press and Congress, but its source is quite different from that so luridly portrayed by Mr. Creel—"the ideologists, emotionalists, and fellow-travelers who . . . want him to import his policies from abroad."

In Mr. Creel's official portrait Mr. Hull appeared as a saintly and selfless fellow besieged by the yapping hounds of "the self-styled Liberal Front . . . led by Earl Browder." I dwell upon the picture not for the purpose of refutation but because of the light it throws on the thinking of Mr. Hull and some of his closest associates. It is difficult to expect current criticism of American foreign policy to be understood and met by people who take so simplistic, melodramatic, and self-pitying a view of their position.

As a matter of fact Earl Browder and the *Daily Worker* have given Mr. Hull their blessing, but the New York *Herald Tribune* continues to ask, "Have we a foreign policy?" The Washington *Post* sees a "diplomatic vacuum." The *Wall Street Journal* complains that while Mr. Hull "could evolve a statement that said what it meant . . . there was totally lacking any assurance that it would mean what it said." Even the New York *Times* is distressed, and Arthur Krock's best efforts still leave the case for Mr. Hull as nebulous as the Secretary's rambling tête-à-têtes with the journalistic faithful. The clairvoyant A. A. Berle himself, the Fouché of the State Department, collector of dark dossiers, can hardly detect a red plot in this all but unanimous criticism. Or can he?

The newspapers quoted are neither isolationist nor reactionary. They are conservative supporters of that policy of international cooperation to which Mr. Hull himself is pledged. And it is from men of similar mind in Congress that questioning comes. These sources, journalistic and Congressional, agree with Mr. Hull in principle. Almost everyone does, since the only declarations he permits himself go little beyond the broadest and most incontestable truisms of national interest, international morality, and minimum collective security. It is not quite fair, but also not too unfair, to say that Mr. Hull in the sphere of international policy is like a candidate for office who has firmly indorsed motherhood and the home.

The nature of that "growing interest in the foreign policy of the United States" which Mr. Hull noted on his return from Florida was a growing sense of bewilderment as to just what the devil those principles mean in concrete situations. This in essence was the question put to him by the group of twenty-four Republican members of the House in the private letter which elicited Mr. Hull's Seventeen Points. But since these twenty-four are Republicans who have generally supported the Administration in foreign policy and who agree with the principles Mr. Hull has expressed in the past, it was no answer to their questions to repeat those same principles.

As this is being written, the puzzled twenty-four are meeting with Mr. Hull, and it may be that in the seclusion of his office he will get down to cases, but I doubt it. The Secretary of State met for two hours in executive session Wednesday with the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, which had similar questions to ask. He told his press conference yesterday that in that session he had gone into every subject, no matter how minor, covering American foreign policy. But the news leaking out of the Foreign Affairs Committee indicates that again he was general rather than specific. When pressed, Mr. Hull seems to have given the Senators in private much the same answer he gives the correspondents in public when concrete questions are asked: we must get on with the war.

Mr. Hull has neither the training nor the capacity for getting down to cases. He is a cautious and cagy Southern politician, elderly in mind as in body, and a man of limited interests. The newspapers picture him as a kind of outspoken old Tennessee mountaineer, but what the correspondents see and hear is a man with a lisp to whom the double-talk of the diplomatic communiqué is second nature. It is only in dealing with reciprocal trade agreements that he seems prepared to deal with the specific, to grapple with facts. On other matters, even within the department, his thinking seems instinctively to seek the comfortable featherbed of generalities.

When he needs to justify a policy, Mr. Hull seems to rely on two intellectual devices. One is the use of a set of moral truisms invoked when they serve his purpose or argument, like those cited in protest against Mexico's expropriation of the oil companies. The other, which he falls back upon when the disparity between his general principles and his concrete policies becomes too evident,

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is an appeal to expediency. Before the war the expediency was defended on political grounds; since the war, on military. Thus in Mr. Creel's apologia Mr. Hull's pre-war policies on Spain, Japan, etc., are defended on the ground that a stronger position would have been politically inexpedient, while critics of the policies on Vichy, Badoglio, Darlan, etc., are told again that these were dictated by military expediency.

The latter is a difficult argument to answer in war time when the facts are not fully known and political compromise may be justified; one can note only that it is almost always a rightist orientation rather than a popular one which is adopted and defended on those grounds. But the former raises questions which go to the heart of Mr. Hull's recurrent difficulties. To lay the blame for pre-war mistakes of policy on Mr. Hull would be nonsense; here as elsewhere the people themselves must bear major responsibility for the troubles which appeasement brought upon them. Are not leaders, however, under an obligation to risk the politically inexpedient when critical policies are being formed? Leadership consists in more than scenting which is the popular parade to follow. It is here that Mr. Hull is open to criticism. And one of the reasons why he fails to make policy clear, why he clings instead to generalities, is that now as in the past he is bent on evading the risks which are the obligations of leadership. Arthur Krock, defending Mr. Hull today, speaks of his difficulties in "discovering what will be acceptable to Congress." This is only half the task of a Secretary of State. The other half is making up his mind as to what is the right policy and using his influence to make that policy acceptable to Congress.

This is not to say that clear lines of policy are always possible, especially in time of war, or to deny that compromise is inseparable from effective politics, except in certain types of crises. The world military situation, as well as the coming elections, impose their necessities upon the Secretary of State and the State Department. But I think the average man understands this all too well from the comparable, if minor, "diplomatic problems" of his own existence, his adjustment to his family and his job. A little more frankness on the compromises, coupled with a clearer and more concrete picture of ultimate purposes, would go far to end the unrest among the supporters of the Administration's announced aims.

Perhaps my assumptions are too generous. I suspect that most of the compromises defended on the ground of expediency were entered into from policy rather than necessity. Has there ever been an indication, for example, that Mr. Hull found Franco hard to swallow? Or that he lamented the necessity of collaborating with undemocratic forces in Latin America? I also suspect that one reason our foreign policy isn't more concrete on particular matters is that there is no foreign policy beyond a combination of generalities, a collection of prejudices, and a tendency to drift—and to drift, in the absence of countervailing forces, toward all that represents the old order in Europe, Asia, and Latin America.

10 Years Ago in "The Nation"

IT NOW APPEARS CERTAIN that an organized campaign will be launched to convert the French people to the idea of a fascist dictatorship.—*April 4, 1934.* . . . It is possible that those in France and elsewhere who have been so much afraid of any resort to force that they have capitulated to threats and yielded to blackmail may find themselves obliged to resort to force in much less favorable conditions. It is possible to precipitate war by being too much afraid of it.—ROBERT DELL, *April 18, 1934.*

"FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS" is a success because all its elements—the dialogue, the music, the pantomime, and the sparkling cellophane *décor*—go so well with one another while remaining totally irrelevant to life, logic, or common sense. It has been said on good authority that the pleasure of being mad is one which only madmen know, but by being insane in some elusively consistent fashion Miss Stein and her collaborators have opened that pleasure to the general public.—JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, *April 4, 1934.*

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER GUILD has signed its first contract for editorial workers through its Philadelphia chapter. As was expected, the first publisher daring to brave the frowns of his colleagues was J. David Stern, acting for the Philadelphia *Record.* He has agreed to a closed shop in his editorial rooms, the check-off system, adequate dismissal notices, a minimum-wage scale, a forty-hour five-day week, and an apprentice system.—*April 18, 1934.*

THE NRA is to be reorganized from top to bottom. Johnson has been carrying a load that would kill ten ordinary men. During negotiations over the threatened automobile strike he slept less than three hours a night for two weeks. Under the plan of reorganization most of his executive duties will be assumed by subordinates, and he will remain—as is proper—in a supervisory capacity.—PAUL Y. ANDERSON, *April 18, 1934.*

POLICE CLUBBING of members of the Ohio Unemployed League in an eviction fight in Columbus on March 31 reveals the chaotic and shortsighted policies still pursued by local and national authorities toward the unemployed.—*April 18, 1934.*

THE SENATE'S ACCEPTANCE of Senator Nye's proposal for an investigation of the manufacture of munitions in the United States is most gratifying.—*April 25, 1934.*

THE WOODLAND CLUB invites the membership of couples sharing our ideals re. Nudism. (ADVT.)— *April 25, 1934.*

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Green Pastures for Fascists

BY SERGIO BAGU

IT IS impossible to understand Argentina's turbulent political scene without a knowledge of the country's economic development during the past fifteen years. The wealth of the oligarchy which held power until 1916, and which recaptured it by force in 1930, was founded on agriculture and stock-raising. Exchange of products with European countries, especially with England, created the illusion that Argentina's economy could withstand any upheaval. About fifteen years ago light industry began to gather impetus, and in 1932 it embarked on a dizzying expansion. Though it received no help from an oligarchic regime, this industry, with its diversified types of production, was able to minimize in Argentina the effects of the world depression of 1929.

In 1937 the value of industrial production had become 39.6 per cent of the value of total production; agricultural products amounted to 35.8 per cent of the total and cattle products to 17.9 per cent. Industry was now the country's most important economic activity and was employing a very large number of people. Aided by European capital obtained before the present struggle, it entered on a period of prolonged if sometimes interrupted prosperity. The industrial proletariat multiplied, and the urban middle class increased enormously in both numbers and wealth. So far the landowning oligarchy has benefited by this prosperity, but ultimately it will be destroyed by the resulting economic and social transformation of the country.

THE OLIGARCHY IN POWER

The oligarchy which governed until 1916 was progressive and liberal, looking toward France for its ideas and procedures. The oligarchy which recaptured power in 1930 was avaricious and dictatorial; and it admired Mussolini. In 1932 Uriburu's dictatorship—the first after eighty years of constitutional government—gave way to General Justo's Presidency. This regime showed a surface respect for law and order, but was actually a semi-dictatorship based on fraud and violence. Its corrupt methods created an atmosphere of political immorality, and there were flagrant administrative scandals. Soon the "gilded youth" who had acclaimed Uriburu turned fascist and formed Argentina's first fascist party, the Civic Legion of Argentina. General Justo was supported by the Civic Legion and used it unofficially on numerous occasions to intimidate his democratic adversaries. He persecuted the workers' movement and by Machiavellian tactics managed to effect the disorganization of the country's largest democratic party, the Radical Civic Union.

General Justo paved the road to fascism with two innovations. First, the federal government was completely reorganized; thereafter, like the national economy, it was to operate for the benefit of the big capitalists and to the detriment of small business. Local autonomy was destroyed and a mass bureaucracy created. Second, the growth of militarism was fostered, chiefly through the creation of a Military Lyceum for boys from twelve to eighteen. Upon graduation from the Lyceum, students entered the Army or Navy School. Thus when they finished their training, at the age of twenty-two, they had passed ten formative years segregated from the civilian milieu. This system of education, combined with the privileges enjoyed by the army, created an anti-social military caste that admired Nazism and Fascism. When General Justo's regime came to an end in 1938, *La Prensa,* a leading newspaper of Buenos Aires, termed his administration the worst the country had ever endured.

BRITISH CAPITAL

During this entire period British capital played an unfortunate role. For many years British railway and tramway companies fought a losing war against motor and highway transportation, against Argentine labor, against Argentine and United States capital. During General Justo's Presidency a diplomatic mission headed by Vice-President Julio A. Roca was sent to London to iron out difficulties which the Ottawa empire pacts had created for Argentine cattle raisers. Shortly after the return of the Roca mission two bills were introduced into the Chamber of Deputies. One established a monopoly of national transport that favored English railway interests. The other established a monopoly of transportation in Buenos Aires that operated to the benefit of English, French, Belgian, and Spanish capital invested in street railways and subways. At about this time Lisandro de la Torre, the outstanding personality of the century in Argentine politics, denounced the oligarchy in the Senate for making illegal deals with certain English firms, among which were a number of packing houses. De la Torre's exposures aroused the entire nation. The director of an English packing house in Argentina tried to flee with the proofs of his guilt, but the Senate had him arrested in the halls of Congress. When turmoil in the Senate was at its height, Senator Enzo Bordabehere, while attempting to protect De la Torre from physical attack, was shot to death. Throughout this period of frenzied speculation and political immorality the oligarchy, with

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the complicity of British capital, was amassing fabulous wealth against the day of its inevitable decline.

Argentine fascism had its inception in this period; it was cradled in the mansions of the wealthy that line Quintana Avenue and in the offices of certain lawyers for English enterprises. Among its earliest theorists and leaders were Clodomiro Zavalía, a lawyer for the railways, and Juan P. Ramos and Alberto Uriburu, lawyers for the Argentine Electric Company, member of an international trust dominated by British capital. The fascists of that time were called "Nationalists," a term which is English rather than Argentinian in origin.

TRAJECTORY OF FASCISM

The Civic Legion disappeared, leaving behind it various small fascist organizations, and after a few years the so-called Nationalist movement became completely disrupted. During the Spanish civil war it supported Franco and always applauded Hitler and Mussolini. Its leaders counted on a military uprising to establish fascism in Argentina, but the uprising did not come, and its members gradually dispersed.

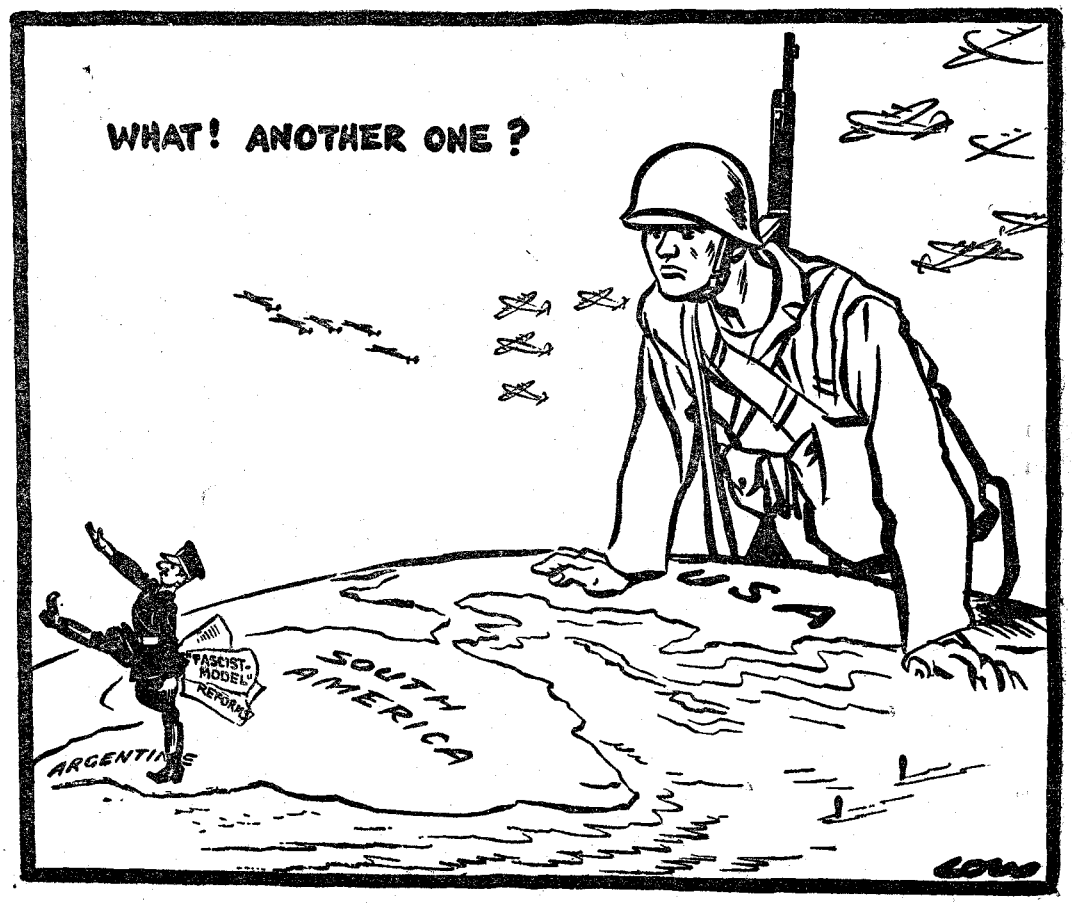
Later Hitler's impressive diplomatic victories gave new life to native fascists. They began to deny their connections with the oligarchy and with politicians friendly to English concerns. The "gilded youth" joined with some elements of the middle class and numerous army and navy men to organize fascist groups, secret "revolutionary" cells. Admiring Hitler, they sought to reconcile their political views with their militant Catholicism. They began to circulate such slogans as "Down with political intrigue," "Down with oligarchic governments," "Down with political parties." They advocated the corporate state with a chief of state and no elections, obligatory Catholicism, rupture of relations with Britain and the United States, and unconditional friendship with Hitler Germany and Franco Spain.

The army and navy were flooded with Nazi propaganda, and government officials received numerous personal gifts from Hitler. Certain elements of the Catholic church actively aided the movement by publishing such fascist newspapers as *Sol y Luna, Crisol, Nueva Política,* and *Nuevo Orden.* The Investigating Committee of Anti-Argentine Activities of the Chamber of Deputies disclosed in December, 1942, that *Clarinada,* an anti-Semitic and anti-Communist review, was published by the Divine Word congregation in Buenos Aires.

Fascism hoped to capitalize on the profound popular resentment against English business concerns in Argentina. The Buenos Aires Nazi dailies, *El Pampero* and *Cabildo,* carried on a violent campaign against the city transport monopoly. When war broke out, Nazism thought it had a golden opportunity to capture the masses. With Britain occupied by the conflict, why should not Argentina free itself from its humiliating semi-colonial position? But while at first the masses were anything but pro-British, once the Battle of Britain began, popular sentiment rallied ardently to the support of the Allies. Without relinquishing their antagonism toward British capital, which was impeding the country's normal development, the Argentine people became the most powerful group in Latin America on the side of the Allies.

THE COUP OF JUNE 4, 1943

At the close of 1942 the Battle of Stalingrad was the determining factor in Argentine internal politics. Enrique Ruiz Guiñazú, Minister of Foreign Affairs, confidentially told his friends that according to informed strategists in the Argentine army Hitler would take



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Stalingrad before the end of the year, occupy Moscow soon afterward, and dictate peace from the Kremlin. The neutrality of the Castillo government was antagonistic toward the United States and benevolent toward Britain (its Minister of the Interior, Culaciatti, served as lawyer for powerful English interests), but at the same time looked toward a German victory. The fall of Stalingrad was expected to vindicate this policy.

But Stalingrad did not fall, and in consequence the oligarchy was completely disoriented, especially its representatives in the army and navy. During the early months of 1943 certain army officers, pro-Nazi until then, decided that it would be expedient to modify the country's foreign policy and to establish more friendly diplomatic relations with the United States. Among these men was General Pedro Pablo Ramírez, then Secretary of War. A Presidential election was to be held in September, 1943. The democratic parties had begun the arduous task of finding a common platform, and there seemed to be a definite possibility of a powerful popular movement that would force President Castillo to hold a fair election. It was clear to the militarists that the time had come for decisive measures.

Their first step was to prevent the masses, excited by the Soviet victories and the invasion of North Africa, from celebrating in the streets. Next they accepted subterranean overtures from the more conservative elements of the Radical Civic Union, hoping thereby to destroy the democratic-unity movement and further the candidacy of General Ramírez. President Castillo, however, who had his own candidate, the landowner Robustiano Patrón Costas, blocked this maneuver and forced the militarists to act immediately.

The coup d'état of June 4 was the result. The army officers who led it lacked a program and did not know what to do with their easy victory. They had a vague notion that the best course would be to imitate Getulio Vargas's corporate state and to adopt a policy of pan-American cooperation. During its first weeks in power the dictatorship courted fascists and anti-fascists alike, and in an attempt to enlist popular support even arrested several members of Castillo's Cabinet. But from the start it persecuted the Communists and the workers' organizations.

Civilian and military Nazi cells close to the government awaited their opportunity to take it over completely. That opportunity occurred at the end of August when Minister of Foreign Affairs Storni made his infamous request of the United States for armaments and machinery and was promptly rebuked by Secretary Hull. Early in October the dictatorship went completely fascist, counting on the support of the army and navy, organized fascist groups, and influential sectors of the Catholic church. In addition, it relied on the good-will of certain elements representing British capital and on the desperate support of Nazi capital, now fleeing Europe en bloc.

Toward the close of 1943 the dictatorship undertook a program for the political and economic coordination of South America. A customs agreement was arranged with Chile, and immediately afterward a plot was organized to overthrow President Rios. The Paraguayan dictator was attracted by this program, and a plot was hatched with him to obtain power in Bolivia. But in all these schemes one factor was badly calculated—the patience of the United States State Department. When the origins of the plot against Bolivia were revealed, the fascist dictatorship was split. One group, led by Ramírez, wished to return to the earlier policy of imitating Getulio Vargas. Another, led by Perón, urged open defiance of the United States. First Ramírez triumphed and then Perón.

THE DEMOCRATIC FAILURE

To complete the picture it must be pointed out that the crisis has seemed to paralyze those who should stand most firmly at their posts, the democratic parties. Not one of them has been able to evolve a plan of action. The Progressive Democratic Party and the Socialist Party have played academic politics when they should have been more realistic and daring than the reactionaries. At first the Communist Party employed sectarian tactics but subsequently launched the idea of uniting all democratic forces; this idea was taken over by the Socialists in 1942. The Radical Civic Union has been in a state of decay for some time; the great party of the middle class, it had only a nebulous program, making a maximum of concessions to conservative ideas. It committed a major error when it failed to utter a single word of condemnation of the Ramírez government.

One radical group under the leadership of Amadeo Sabattini, former governor of Córdoba, supported neutrality during the Castillo regime and permitted dangerous contacts with Nazi elements. The Fuerza de Orientación Radical de la Juventud Argentina, a small radical youth movement, has turned frankly to Nazism. Other groups within the radical movement engaged in the most questionable transactions during the critical years of the Justo and Castillo regimes. A similarly vacillating policy was pursued by a number of powerful labor organizations—the General Confederation of Labor, the Railway Union, and Fraternity. All have seemed incapable of taking the slightest defensive action against a reactionary government. Fortunately, the population as a whole is staunchly democratic.

The present dictatorship, like the Castillo government, has been able to achieve its objectives only because it has failed to encounter resistance from democratic political parties and workers' organizations. It has retreated, as did Castillo, every time its actions have aroused a forceful protest. Democracy has lost the first battle in Argentina more through the weakness of democratic organizations than through the strength of fascism.

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Brawl at the Officers' Club

BY MANUEL SEOANE

Santiago, Chile

IN ONE month, from January 26 to February 24, Argentina went through three bloodless revolutions, and is now in a state of chaos. The naval officers are disgusted with the army officers, and the latter are divided among themselves. Probably neither General Ramírez nor Colonel Perón but some other officer in the Army Register will profit by the free-for-all unleashed by the cynical government that took power on June 4. The people observe these events as from a distance, knowing that they are all signs of decay and that there will be other acts before the drama is ended.

THE BREAK WITH THE AXIS

It has now been established that the break with the Axis was a bloodless revolution engineered by Ramírez against the United Officers Group (Grupo de Oficiales Unificados) led by Perón. In effect Ramírez was the G. O. U.'s prisoner, and just as when he was Minister of War under Castillo, he slyly awaited an opportunity to strike a blow from within. Suddenly it came. The Bolivian revolution was proved to have been instigated by the Argentine army men Perón, Gonzales, and Filipi, and Britain and the United States were annoyed. Both powers were on the verge of breaking off relations with Buenos Aires. Ramírez, a canny Creole, then decided to kill two birds with one stone. On January 26, after a brief struggle with the G. O. U., but with the support of General Gilbert, the Foreign Minister, and of Colonel Ramírez, the Chief of Police, he decreed the break with the Axis. Logically, Perón should have resigned at this point, but the Colonel too was a clever Creole, and he decided to await his moment.

Ramírez and Perón now entered on the second round of their struggle for power. In order to improve his position Perón strengthened his connections with the Young Officers group. He joined forces with Colonel Filomeno Velasco, leader of a group of dissatisfied captains and lieutenants, and with Commander Julio Lagos, an influential and turbulent aviation officer. (Velasco has just been made Chief of Police and Lagos Minister of the Post Office.)

A second revolution was scheduled for February 14. On that night 600 young officers led by Perón, Velasco, and Lagos entered Buenos Aires in cars to kidnap President Ramírez. By calling out a large number of police Colonel Ramírez thwarted the plot. His situation was so hazardous, however, that President Ramírez gave in and resigned. The plan to declare war was frustrated. Perón had won round two. But Ramírez did not throw in the sponge. He retired to his corner till the next round.

The struggle for supreme power between the two parties was intensified. The contending forces may be divided into the following groups: (1) generals and colonels favoring the Allied cause, headed by General Rawson, who led the coup d'état of June 4, General Anaya, ex-Minister of Education, and several others; (2) officers who are adherents of Ramírez and who are led by General Gilbert, Colonel Ramírez, and Colonel Avalos, chief of the Campo de Mayo troops; (3) the G. O. U. group headed by Colonel Perón, who went recently from a cocktail party at the British embassy to a supper at the German House of Bayer; (4) the Young Officers group led by Colonel Filomeno Velasco, which demands fulfilment of the promises made on June 4; (5) a group of navy officers disgusted with the coup that forced the resignation of Admiral Sueyro, Minister of the Navy, because he was considered "not representative." (Their irritation was increased by the appointment of General Pistarini, famous for his mental limitations, as provisional Minister of the Navy—an army officer made head of the navy—until the post was assumed by Admiral Teisaire.)

In this confused situation Perón had excellent cards to play to further the discontent of the Young Officers. Ramírez's resignation, sent to the president of the Supreme Court, Dr. Repetto, was intercepted by members of the G. O. U., who realized that it would create international difficulties, and on February 24 Ramírez was forced at the point of a gun to "delegate power" to General Farrell on the pretext of illness. From this third revolution Perón again emerged as provisional victor.

FARRELL, THE PUPPET

Farrell's designation as President cannot be taken seriously. An old gaucho, excellent at strumming a guitar and singing ranch songs, he is completely lacking in political drive. As an infantry officer he spent some time in Italy and returned an expert on mountain fighting. He is known to be sympathetic to Italian Fascism, but personally he is one of those amiable big men who are as clay in the hands of a powerful manipulator. In this case the power behind the throne is Colonel Perón.

As an admirer of Italian Fascism, Farrell is completely contemptuous of civilians. He believes that Argentina needs a strong man and that it must keep out of the war. He was overheard defending neutrality at the Chilean embassy one day in the following terms: "The war?

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Drawing by Quintanilla

Colonel Perón

Don't joke with me. Why should the Argentinians enter it? Travel through any country today and you will find shortages of cars, bread, sugar, butter—because they are at war. Here there are plenty of cars, butter, bread, meat, the best there is. Why should we lose all this? Neutrality is the best business in this war. Ideas? Don't make me laugh, they are all alike. Churchill and Roosevelt will have to learn from Hitler and Mussolini; they are following in their footsteps. They rule by force because that is the only method that works in this era."

That is the position of the new President. As for the G. O. U., which overthrew Ramírez and is led by Perón, its leading principle is opposition to a declaration of war on the Axis. Its members admire Nazism, and if Germany had not been losing the war, they would very possibly have succeeded in breaking off relations with the United Nations and thus creating a bridgehead for fascism in South America. The new elements that compose the Cabinet are rabid fascists, especially the leaders of the so-called "youth movement." The presence of Rear Admiral Scasso and of General von der Becke, Chief of Staff, are definite proof that dyed-in-the-wool Nazis are close to the helm.

THE YOUNG OFFICERS

What happened on February 24 was that Perón captured the new revolution unleashed against the ineptitude of the leaders of the June 4 coup (among these leaders had been both Ramírez and Perón himself). The latter's astuteness in making Ramírez the butt of all resentment for the failure to fulfil the leaders' promises has given Perón temporary dominance. But no one can say how long Farrell and Perón will last. The Young Officers, so called because they have not yet enjoyed the pleasures of power, are protesting because the objectives of June 4 still remain unrealized. They have sounded the slogan "Fight or Die," but all they have really done is march through the streets of Buenos Aires. They ask: What has happened to the decree lowering rents? What has happened to the dissolution of the Governing Councils? What has happened to all the bright banners of June 4, which for a while inflamed certain ingenuous sections of the population? These banners, they say, have been ignominiously lowered, and the Military Government is revealed as a heavy, bureaucratic mass that advances sluggishly, producing bruises and wounds instead of friends and fervor.

The Young Officers are determined that Argentina shall rapidly undergo organic reforms of a fascist nature. The protagonists in the coming struggle may, of course, shift, but at the moment any of the following events may be expected: (1) The Young Officers may make a second attempt to bring Velasco or Lagos to power and to overthrow both President Farrell and the G. O. U. (2) Perón may set up a frank and open dictatorship, supported by the G. O. U. (3) Ramírez, who would like a fourth round, and who would be supported by Colonel Avalos, chief of the Campo de Mayo garrison, and by many other army men, may attempt a come-back. (4) The Argentine navy, supported by pro-Allied elements in the army and air force, may overthrow the government and hand over the power to the president of the Supreme Court, who would call an election immediately.

One of these four possibilities will surely come to pass, for the present situation cannot last. With its political parties dissolved, its press censored, its jails jammed with prisoners, and its militarists completely arrogant, Argentina is passing through one of the darkest stages in its history. But there are imponderable, invincible factors that will ultimately destroy the guilty. The people of Argentina will have their revenge.

Their feelings can be indicated by a brief anecdote. Not long ago a group of militarist ministers arrived at a crowded horse show in an open carriage and made the circuit of the track before crowded galleries. The public maintained a discreet silence. A little later the empty carriage went around the same course, before the same galleries, and the public broke out in a deafening ovation.

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Why Stalin Acts That Way

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

THINGS have now come to a pass where foreign observers in Moscow—diplomats and correspondents alike—open their morning *Pravda* with breathless anxiety, expecting some new shock. Of late they have had a good many. There was the recognition of the Badoglio regime, for instance, just about the last thing anyone would have expected from the Soviet government. Earlier there had been the Cairo peace-scare story, the bewildering *Pravda* attack on Wendell Willkie, and many other irritating incidents.

Let's get one thing straight. The riddle of Soviet foreign policy, if it is a riddle, does not lie in its basic aims and concepts. These have been repeatedly set forth in Stalin's speeches and in the Soviet press. The question What does Russia want? can be answered in two phrases —territorial integrity and security. Territorial integrity, to the Russians, means the status quo of June, 1941. In other words, Russia will certainly insist upon the annexation of eastern Poland, up to the Curzon line, and of the Baltic states, Bessarabia, and those parts of Finland that were acquired in 1940. Security means territorial guaranties against renewed aggression or foreign intervention, guaranties in the form of a *cordon sanitaire* in reverse, that is, an outer layer of friendly or partly controlled states along the Soviet boundaries.

No, the riddle is not in the things Russia wants but in the tactics it employs to obtain them. These tactics are, to say the least, disconcerting, and they have created the idea that the Kremlin is deliberately waging a war of nerves against its allies. Washington and London speak of a "needling diplomacy" and do not conceal their bewilderment at being thus treated by an ally.

What is behind this strange policy of constantly badgering one's friends? It is not easy to find a satisfactory answer, but I think the Soviet line of reasoning, reduced to its simplest elements, runs something like this: Our partners, America and Britain, have in many ways the edge on us. Britain has already a world empire and won't let any of it go if it can help it. The United States has reached its natural limits of geographical expansion and controls, in fact, the entire Western Hemisphere. We Russians are newcomers. We didn't have a chance under the czars; we were ostracized and quarantined after the revolution; we have been admitted to good society only in the last two years. And now that we have come at last, at an unheard-of cost in lives and goods, within sight of the things we believe to be rightfully ours, our worthy allies seem to have only one aim—to prevent us from sharing the dominant position and high standards of life they have enjoyed. Every time we indicate that we want this or that, we get a sermon on the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms and a solemn assurance that anything we do on our own initiative is "unilateral" and will not be "recognized." Well, we won't stand for it.

If memoranda, notes of protest, verbal representations, conferences, and other such accepted instruments of diplomacy could obtain results, and quickly, the Russians probably would resort to them. But since experience has taught them that he who demands or expostulates without being able to back up his arguments by force waits a long time, and in the end may achieve nothing, they have developed new diplomatic techniques of their own.

One of the most effective is the *jolting technique*. Its frequent use springs from the realization that the foreign policy of Washington and London moves in grooves furrowed by centuries of professional diplomacy. The Foreign Office, in particular, has developed a crusted routine. Great respect is felt for the conventional approach. Tradition reigns supreme, nicely balanced with precedents and taboos. Time is no object. Russia, politically a young nation, is exasperated by the cautious, noncommittal approach to burning problems which is so characteristic of Anglo-Saxon diplomacy. It wants things done quickly, issues settled quickly. Having discovered that a ten-line story in *Pravda* produces a greater effect than ten pouches filled with diplomatic notes, it adopts the principle that what moves in grooves must be jolted out of them.

Another favorite technique of the Russians is *mystification*. It consists in keeping everybody guessing about their real purpose, and then suddenly flashlighting the obscurity with a startling move. This technique has one certain merit: it keeps the world hanging on the words and deeds of the Kremlin. Countries, like individuals, enjoy being the focus of attention.

Then there is the use of the *"Finnish bath,"* which as all northerners know has a most stimulating effect. The Finnish bath is characterized by sudden shifts from hot to cold. One moment our diplomats are warmed by ardent protestations of friendship from the Kremlin; the next they find themselves under an ice-cold shower. Very healthy, if you are used to it, but if you aren't—.

Perhaps the most disturbing of Russia's habits is that of periodically slapping down its friends. As *Pravda's*

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comment on Wendell Willkie has shown, no friend of the Soviet Union, however prominent, sympathetic, or sincere, is ever safe from suddenly being jumped upon by some official Soviet scribe. The provocation may be trivial or entirely lacking. This sort of thing is almost incomprehensible to the Western mind, which is wont to think in terms of "How to Win Friends and Influence People." The simple truth is that the Soviets are no more eager to make friends than they are afraid to make enemies.

We must also take into account Stalin's peculiar sense of humor, which he shares with several other top-rank Soviet leaders. In a rustic and somewhat boyish fashion the Russians love to play pranks and practical jokes on their dignified allies. With the same sure instinct for hilarious effect that prompts a schoolboy to stick pins in teacher's seat or that makes Abbott crush a cream pie in Costello's face, the Soviet diplomat will pull the chair from under his ally's coat-tails just as they sit down to talk over common interests. Next to the spectacle of Hitler on the run, nothing amuses the Russian public more than the sight of a crumpled stuffed shirt or of a pair of striped pants dangling helplessly in the air.

Our reaction to these capers has not been very helpful to us in the past—or rather it has been a great help to our facetious ally. Usually we wrap ourselves in our wounded dignity and soberly protest that such behavior must "depress every friend of Russia in the two democracies." We get up, dust off our striped trousers, and solemnly assure the guffawing Russians that this latest prank of theirs will have "anything but a wholesome effect upon public opinion in the United States and Great Britain." And when we have fully recovered, we sit down and write an open letter to a good friend in Moscow asking him whether he "cannot explain to some of his associates the importance of not doing these things."

How else can we defend ourselves against such antics? In the first place, obviously, by taking care not to expose ourselves to them. We should be constantly on guard against the Kremlin's odd penchant for surprise moves and practical jokes, never take anything for granted, always look out for the next shock, and by anticipating it lessen its effect. Secondly, we should display more sangfroid, and more pride. Why should we let every *Pravda* story throw us into a dither? Why quote every hostile editorial in *War and the Working Class* in full and thus make the editors of that bellicose sheet feel ever more important?

The Russians have a healthy respect for might. They are full of admiration for the technical achievements of the United States. They want to be friends with us. And they want to bargain. Let us be firm in essential matters, generous where concessions are possible, and good-humoredly indifferent to their pranks.

In the Wind

TYPICAL QUOTE from "Political Christianity for the Republican Party," a booklet sponsored by the Christian Democratic Corporation, Washington, and distributed by The Christocrats, Detroit: "In view of our magnificent past, whatever could have led the misguided Anti-Christs to believe that they could seize control of our government —as they have done through their control of the Democratic Party—and through this illegal control of our government, attempt to make us their dupes? All the Machiavellian conniving and machinations of the Anti-Christs, and their miserable political stooges, cannot delay for even a moment the Republican Party's on-rushing Rendezvous with Destiny—which is to again, for the third time, unmask and strike down the evil forces which have plotted to destroy Democracy and erase Christianity from the hearts and minds of mankind."

HAROLD W. HIRTH of Milwaukee, in an address to the Minnesota Retail Hardware Association, called on the assembled merchants to give preference to discharged soldiers in their post-war hiring, because the soldiers have learned the value of discipline: "They will do what they are told to do and when they are told to do it without question."

THOUGH the Communist press is saying sweet things about big business these days, the big-business press is not interested. The March 18 issue of *Business Week* admits that employers who deal with Communist-dominated unions "now have the most peaceful labor relations in industry," but in the same article gives its blessing to James G. Thimmes, new head of the California C. I. O. Council, whose chief virtue in its eyes is his long record of opposition to Communist elements.

THE OPA Consumer Advisory Committee includes no housewives.

ON JUNE 13, 1942, an item in this column referred to Dr. Robert Hercod, general secretary of the International Bureau Against Alcoholism, Lausanne, Switzerland, as "Robert Herrod, a Swiss Nazi." Because of the interruption of postal service between the United States and Switzerland by the war, Mr. Hercod did not see the item until recently. *The Nation* is happy to report, on the authority of the Swiss consul general in New York, that Mr. Hercod's name is spelled with a *c* and that he is not a Nazi. Our apologies to him.

FESTUNG EUROPA: At Hucorgne, Belgium, patriots seized the station master, whom they knew to be a Gestapo informer, cut off his mustache, and shaved a swastika out of his hair.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Nazis Under Twenty-one

BY KARL O. PAETEL

WHEN we contemplate the vast structure of laws and ideological directives by which the youth of the Third Reich have been pressed into a single educational mold, we can easily believe that all German youth, as the Nazis assert, have been made into fanatical National Socialists. But the facts are not quite so simple as that.

Originally, in its "fighting years," the National Socialist Party enlisted boys in its Storm Troops. At present the Storm Troops are little more than a "reserve" of militant party members, and the indoctrination of youth is in the hands of the Hitlerjugend (Hitler Youth). Outside of Germany one hears two completely opposing views of the temper of these young people. One is that they are already in open rebellion against the hard work and poor food in the camps, that they have succumbed either to war weariness or to the influence of a powerful underground movement. The other is that they are barbaric young Huns who denounce their parents to the authorities, rape schoolgirls, and kill people with their "marching daggers" just for fun, and who, as soldiers, consider sadism the whole meaning of life. Each of these views generalizes a single aspect of the situation and thus distorts it.

The young people who make up the Deutsches Jungvolk, the Bund Deutscher Mädchen, the Werk, Glaube, und Schönheit group, and finally the Hitlerjugend are not by any means all alike, though their uniforms tend to make them look that way. Having been caught in the Nazi educational system at many different ages, they react in different ways to the tenets of the state and party bureaucracy. Moreover, the group of aggressive National Socialists who composed the Hitlerjugend, the N. S. Studentenbund, and the Storm Troops before Hitler came to power provided only a fraction of the "Führer material" needed for the task of German youth leadership, and it was necessary to recruit leaders from the many other youth groups that flourished before 1933. Obviously the new leaders, who entered the Hitlerjugend after the dissolution of all other groups, brought with them more or less clearly defined sets of beliefs which varied from official Nazi doctrine. It is true that those who tried to do "party work" for groups with other beliefs were soon excluded from the new organizations; for a time they had considerable influence in the Deutsches Jungvolk. There can be no doubt, however, that among the older generation of youth leaders, including teachers and Hitlerjugend functionaries, the militant National Socialists are a minority, albeit a very active minority. The others, though most of them are of course "loyal" to National Socialism, have a somewhat different spiritual attitude owing to earlier connections with religious, proletarian, or youth organizations.

No such conditioning has been experienced by the younger generation, who at the time of Hitler's accession to power were ten to fourteen years old. Their introduction to Nazi education and the new *Weltanschauung* through membership in the Hitlerjugend was an ecstatic and challenging entry into a new way of life. Having known nothing with which to compare National Socialism, most of them were swept off their feet by the Nazi idea. It is indisputable that a great many of these young people, who have never known any life except the fellowship of camps and marching, have participated in it with an exalted sense of devotion—though there are many bleating opportunists among them—and today ask nothing more than to be Hitler's warriors. It may be assumed that as these age groups are taken into the army they maintain the same attitude.

German young people have always been highly organized. In the time of the Weimar Republic some 4,500,000 boys and girls under twenty-one belonged to organizations affiliated with the National Board of German Youth Associations. Approximately 10 per cent of the total membership belonged to twenty youth groups conducted by Protestant religious denominations; about 20 per cent belonged to ten Catholic groups; the various Socialist political organizations had youth divisions with about 400,000 members, a little less than 10 per cent of the total, not counting the Communist youth groups, which were not affiliated with the National Board. Twelve organizations run by the trade unions included another 10 per cent, and eight large athletic associations 35 per cent. Another 2 per cent were divided among twenty-eight autonomous youth leagues, 12 per cent belonged to the National Civil Youth (a generic term covering such organizations as the Union of Germans in Foreign Countries, the Young Germany League, etc.), and 1 per cent to organizations connected with political parties of the right and center. There were also a number

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of political groups not affiliated with the National Board, such as the Wehrbund, the Junior Black-Red-and-Gold Banner, the Red Youth Front, the Junior Scharnhorst Society, a few Jewish clubs—and the Hitler Youth.

If we allow on the one hand for some duplication caused by overlapping memberships, and on the other for the probability that some organizations existed which were not included in this reckoning, it appears that before Hitler came to power a round 5,000,000 German youth were organized in 120 large and countless small groups.

All that is now fundamentally changed. In an address to the Hitlerjugend in 1934 Hitler stated his purpose clearly: "It is important to bring every member of the new generation under the spell of National Socialism, in order that they may never be spiritually seduced by any of the old generation."

The National Socialist Party rode to power on the shoulders of politically active youth, and it wants to have the unequivocal loyalty of the rising generation. Grammar school, high school, Arbeitsdienst, Landjahr, Storm Troops, and Elite Guards, all these, like the educational work in the army, are merely the systematic completion of the education begun in the Hitlerjugend, whose purpose is to create members for the ruling party.

In 1933, after the "revolution," the Hitlerjugend absorbed all the organizations affiliated with the National Board. The left groups completely disappeared; from the evangelical and Catholic groups the Hitlerjugend got some 3,000,000 members; after the promulgation on December 1, 1933, of a decree requiring all young people to join, without exception, its membership rose to 7,000,000. The *Anschluss* of Austria added 700,000 and the absorption of the Sudeten Germans another 300,000, bringing the total to 8,000,000. By the outbreak of the war the membership had grown to 11,000,000 in Germany proper, 1,100,000 in Austria, and 550,000 in the Sudetenland. In addition, there are many boys in the army, the Landjahr, and the Arbeitsdienst who are not formally members of the Hitlerjugend. These amount to 4,000,000 in Germany, 400,000 in Austria, and 200,000 in the Sudetenland.

Thus of the 25,000,000 persons under twenty-one years of age in Greater Germany (22,000,000 in Germany proper, 2,200,000 in Austria, 1,100,000 in the Sudetenland), some 8,000,000 are in the Hitlerjugend, 4,600,000 in the armed forces and the various labor services, and 12,650,000 will become members when they are old enough. There is no schoolboy, no apprentice, no college student in Germany who is not a member of some National Socialist youth organization. There is no young people's religious or athletic group which is not affiliated with—and dependent upon—the Nazi Party's Youth Division. Education, from the first grade through the graduate seminar, is oriented to the "spirit of National Socialism"—"Lead, Führer; we will follow." There is no other educational purpose or direction in the Third Reich.

It is becoming increasingly clear, however, that the fruits of this educational system are not exactly what was expected. Correspondents are reporting more and more frequently that young German prisoners of war are "fed up" with the National Socialist idea. The manifesto issued by the Munich students last year, for which about twenty of them were executed, was a clear indication that a rebellious, idealistic spirit, a vague, unpolitical yearning for freedom, is beginning to stir in the breasts of German students.

I remember a conversation I had with a young German, a group leader in the Hitlerjugend in his first year at the university, a month before the outbreak of war. With regard to the war which he fully expected to come he said this: "At first it will be impossible to do anything, because everyone will be cooperating. But after a while, when we have lain in the mud and filth long enough, and the fatigue and hardship and danger have destroyed the first illusion, then we can begin to talk with others and show them that they have no interest in Hitler's war."

This attitude, once found only in isolated individuals, has become widespread. Consider this protest, which has been passed from hand to hand in Germany by young soldiers:

> I look at my buddy. His uniform, hands, face, speech, thought grow more and more like the earth. I see a young man being transformed into a dumb creature, without name, age, or personality. Sleep, something hot to eat, cigarettes, obedience, waiting—that is his life. Once he scratched some words on the wall with his thumbnail—"Father, Mother." Was it mere aimless scrawling to kill time? Or was it something more—one last effort to keep his identity from being obliterated?

[Part II of this article, the third of a series on Germany to be published by the Political War Section, will appear next week. In it Mr. Paetel will discuss the factors which may influence German youth to accept democracy and the role youth will play in the reconstruction of Europe.]

German Efficiency

JAEREN, Norway, was a prosperous chicken-farming center in 1940. Then the Nazis came. They killed and ate 90 per cent of the chickens and made no provision for replacing them. But the situation has its brighter side. The empty hen-houses are now being used as school buildings by the children of Jaeren, whose former schools are now barracks for Nazi troops.

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Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

AFTER several years of war, administrative procedure in every country becomes a fixed routine. It is changed, even in details, only when there is some special reason for a change.

What was the special reason for the decree, issued on February 28, which suddenly, in the fifth year of war, ordered that a photograph must be attached to the identification papers of every German soldier? "The decree provides," said the German News Bureau in making the announcement, "that hereafter soldiers' pay-books will be regarded as identification only if they contain the owner's half-length photograph, without headgear, affixed to the front inside cover. The photograph must be stamped with the designation of the soldier's unit. Below it the bearer must sign his name with his own hand."

This innovation, which requires that some ten million photographs be procured immediately, admits of but one explanation: military identification papers are being misused. A considerable number of soldiers—real or bogus—must have been going around under false names and with someone else's papers. The conditions that led to the decree are indicated in a dispatch printed in the *St. Galler Tagblatt* on March 11:

> The number of German soldiers who do not return to the front after they have been on leave has risen so greatly during recent weeks that the military police have been reinforced. In the big cities there are already regular agencies that provide deserters with clothes, false papers, railway tickets, and so forth. Many are "going underground" in this fashion.

This column mentioned some months ago that civilians were "disappearing" in increasing numbers. For one reason or another—most probably because they have grounds to fear the Gestapo—they leave home one day and never return. What they do and how they eat without ration cards nobody knows. But six months ago it became known abroad that according to official estimates more than a hundred thousand Germans had disappeared. And since the devastating air raids the number is said to have greatly increased. Anyone who wishes to "vanish" starts a rumor that he has been killed by the bombardment; in most cases he is then not listed among persons sought by the police.

German propaganda depended for many months on the new secret weapon by which the English were to be paid back for their bombing of German cities. Not only the newspapers but all the big shots, including Goebbels himself, talked constantly and in the most concrete terms about the new weapon. It was "approaching completion in the factories." It was "undergoing its final tests." "The moment of retaliation was at hand." Even the Allied governments, as we know from two of Winston Churchill's speeches, believed there was some truth in the claims. The German people likewise believed it.

Some weeks ago the topic dropped out of German publicity without leaving a trace. Not a syllable is now uttered about it. But it has not been erased from the minds of the people. The wonder weapon, the *Wunderwaffe,* has become for them a bitter joke. In popular speech the word has been shortened to *Wuwa,* and *Wuwa* is the term currently applied to every announcement that is without foundation in fact—to optimistic attempts at consolation, phantasmagoria, extravagant promises. Radio commentators hand out *Wuwa;* the newspapers are "ten pfennigs' worth of *Wuwa.*"

> German propaganda seeks to divert the people's longing for peace into harmless channels by providing peace in fiction about the past. The most popular German film today is "Reise in die Vergangenheit" ("Journey into the Past"); and it was not mere chance that Carl Fröhlich of the UFA filmed the dusty old novel "Familie Buchholz." Dreams of the past have become a psychological necessity, especially for the depressed middle class. As a result the Weimar era, once deprecatingly called the *Systemzeit,* has acquired a golden glamour, and many conversations today revolve around the theme, "If in 1933 we had taken a different path—." (The *St. Galler Tagblatt* of March 11.)

That a German province should be ambitious to have its own "Institute of Racial Problems" is not especially astonishing. No words need be wasted on the founding of such an institute in the North Sea *Gau* of Weser-Ems. But one may wonder what purpose it serves. On this question District Leader Thiele, in a speech delivered at the official opening on March 2, made some surprising statements. The institute is to devote itself chiefly to the women. For unfortunately the women in this North Sea province seem to have a marked weakness for racially inferior foreigners—under the circumstances this can only mean for the imported workers. "It is to be feared," Herr Thiele said, "that important concepts, such as remaining aloof and guarding their folk purity, are losing their significance for some women." Basing his remarks on "copious experience," he pointed out "the dangers threatening the purity of our blood if the individual German does not realize that contacts with foreigners must be limited." This "most topical question," he said, "will be taken up by the new institute." And he was confident that under its influence women would again adopt the proper attitude. "That dignified reserve which has long been remarked in other parts of Greater Germany will soon be apparent also in our North Sea *Gau,* which seems at present much too unaware of the necessity for folk purity."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

One Times One

1 x 1. By E. E. Cummings. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

ONE'S not half two. Its two are halves of one:" Mr. Cummings says. So 1 x 1 is a merging of two things in a "sunlight of oneness," "one thou"; and "beginning a whole verbal adventure," this onederful book is primarily a compliment to friendship.

It is a book of wisdom that knowledge cannot contradict; of mind that is heart because it is alive; of wealth that is nothing but joy. Its axioms are also inventions: "as yes is to if, love is to yes," for instance; and

> all ignorance toboggans into know
> and trudges up to ignorance again:

Ignorance that has become know is to Mr. Cummings a monster; and nothing could say how valuable he is in slaying this "collective pseudobeast" in its "scienti

> fic land of supernod
> where freedom is compulsory
> and only man is god

It is useless to search in a book by E. E. Cummings for explanations, reasons, becauses, dead words, or dead ways. His poems, furthermore, are not encumbered with punctuation; you are expected to feel the commas and the periods. The dislocating of letters that are usually conjoined in a syllable or word is not a madness of the printer but impassioned feeling that hazards its life for the sake of emphasis. For E. E. Cummings, the parts of speech are living creatures that alter and grow. Disliking "all dull nouns," he concocts new ones that are phenomena of courage and mobility. Nouns become adjectives; and adverbs, adjectives. His hero and heroine are "mythical guests of Is"; truth is "whereless" and "there's nothing as something as one."

"I am abnormally fond of that precision which creates movement," he says, and we see how a sensibility of crystalline explicitness can achieve without using the word a poem about a kite that is resplendent art:

> o by the by
> has anybody seen
> little you-i
> who stood on a green
> hill and threw
> his wish at blue
>
> with a swoop and a dart
> out flew his wish
> (it dived like a fish
> but it climbed like a dream)
> throbbing like a heart
> singing like a flame
>
> blue took it my
> far beyond far
> and high beyond high
> bluer took it your
> but bluest took it our
> away beyond where
>
> what a wonderful thing
> is the end of a string
> (murmurs little you-i
> as the hill becomes nil)
> and will somebody tell
> me why people let go

The ambidextrous compactness of the Joyce pun is one of poetry's best weapons and is instinctive with E. E. Cummings, as where he tells how nonentity and "the general menedgerr" "smoked a robert burns cigerr to the god of things like they err." The word "huge" in this book, and certain lines, for example, you "whose moving is more april than the year," remind one of earlier work by E. E. Cummings. If, however, one's individuality was not a mistake from the first, it should not be a crime to maintain it; and there are here poems that have a fortified expressiveness beyond any earlier best love poem's. Like that painting in the Cummings exhibition at the American-British Art Center entitled Paris Roofs, rue de la Bucherie, Poem XXXIX, containing the line "Swoop (shrill collective myth) into thy grave," is as positive as a zebra and as tender as the new moon.

This is the E. E. Cummings book of masterpieces. It will provoke imitations, but mastery is inimitable—such as we have in "the apples are (yes they're gravensteins)"; in "plato told him:" and in "what if a much of a which of a wind." Indeed, in all the rest; for endeavoring to choose, there is nothing to omit. Nothing? The reader who is so childish as to hope that a book of wonders could be wonderful throughout will encounter obscenity and be disheartened. Obscenity as a protest is better than obscenity as praise, but there is—between the mechanics of power in a spark of feeling and the mechanics of power in a speck of obscenity—an ocean of difference, and it does not seem sagacious of either to mistake itself for the other. But ignoring indignities—if one may ask admiration consciously to ignore and unconsciously to admire—this writing is an apex of positiveness and of indivisible, undismemberable joy. It is a thing of furious nuclear integrities; it need not argue with hate and fear because it has annihilated them; "everybody never breathed quite so many kinds of yes)." When it appears to ask a question—

> i've come to ask you if there isn't a
> new moon outside your window saying if
> that's all, just if

—it has the answer to life's riddle. It is reiterating:

> death, as men call him, ends what they call men
> —but beauty is more now than dying's when

The paintings "have the purities of mushrooms blooming in darkness," says Mr. McBride, throwing light on the poetry's secret of beatitude, for poetry is a flowering and its truth is "a cry of a whole of a soul," not dogma; it is a positiveness that is joy, that we have in birdsongs and should have in ourselves; it is a "cry of alive with a trill like until" and is a poet's secret, "for his joy is more than joy." Defined by this book in what it says of life in general, "such was a poet and shall be and is"

MARIANNE MOORE

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The Soviet Army

THE RED ARMY. By I. Minz. International Publishers. $2.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY. By Walter Kerr. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

THE GROWTH OF THE RED ARMY. By D. Fedotoff White. Princeton University Press. $3.75.

PROFESSOR MINZ'S book, which on its first page refers to the Germans as having occupied "a large part of France," can surely be of little service to those for whom it was intended, while for those seriously interested in the history, growth, and organization of the Red Army it is worthless. The falsification of history which the official line involves must necessarily make nonsense of any account of the Red Army. The name of Trotsky appears only once, in the early part of the book, and then merely in connection with his "treachery" at Brest-Litovsk.

These sophistries would not necessarily rob the book of utility if the very great achievements of Stalin and his colleagues were placed in credible perspective. But even when a permissible truth appears, or when some resounding success flows directly from a decision of Stalin's, Professor Minz's report is mean and beggarly. For example: the first Five-Year Plan, by providing the Red Army with an industrial base and an enlarged proletariat, produced far-reaching changes in the Red Army. The opportunity is quite muffed, however. Elsewhere what the professor regards as history is a mere throwing together of frequently mendacious anecdotes, biographical scraps, and tags of propaganda, written down in a paltry style.

Mr. Kerr's book is a very different product. The author, formerly the New York *Herald Tribune's* correspondent in Russia, gives a simple and quite credible account of the present Red Army and its campaigns. There are no major revelations, and no pretensions, but there is a good deal of useful detail embodied in a lucid general account. What pieces of gossip and backstage news are included are extremely interesting in that they throw light on the larger realities. For the most part they confirm one's estimate that Russia has immense residual strength in spite of the enormous cost of the war. The strongest part of "The Russian Army," however, is the section, three chapters long, on the Battle of Stalingrad. One notes, by the way, that there are no views in Mr. Kerr's book which could imperil Professor Minz's orthodoxy. Yet presumably because he accepts reality as he finds it today and has, so far as his book goes, no political philosophy to consider, Kerr writes cleanly and with force and sympathetic warmth.

The perspectives, as well as the substance and the specific gravity, missing from Professor Minz's weary concoction are fully present in Fedotoff White's superb book. Together with Dr. Earle's two excellent chapters on Russian military doctrine in "Makers of Modern Strategy," it provides the best writing on the Red Army produced in years. Mr. White's book is a non-partisan and prodigiously documented study of the organizational processes of the Red Army. More particularly it is an account of the conflict and adaptation of groups within that army. It is not a history, Mr. White insists; yet there is no other book, I dare say, which throws one-quarter of the candle power on the military problems of revolution. One may not give to the Kronstadt rebellion such a "watershed" character as Mr. White does—though by finally driving the Spanish heavy-industry proletarian organizations into violent opposition to the Communist International it strengthened that Spanish anarchism which, according to the official view, cost Spain and the Soviets dearly later on. For Mr. White, who places a little too much reliance on the analytical powers of William Henry Chamberlin, Kronstadt marks the end of one phase and the beginning of another.

Once the white intervention was over, the essential factor in Russian life was the narrow social base of the Communist Party's rule and the resultant cleavage between the peasantry and the city workers and between large sections of those and the party. That Kronstadt as a single event had some consequences for Red Army organization is true. Trotsky, of course, has always been charged with "underestimating the role of the peasantry." Looking at the record as Mr. White sets it down, one sees that the Great Commissar not only opposed the extremist pretense that there was a specifically "proletarian" strategy and tactics—the Russian tactics at Stalingrad were orthodox, Mr. Kerr says—but realized that a military doctrine based on world revolution had little attraction for the Russian peasantry, who would make up the bulk of the army. Stalin, it would seem, held much the same view, and this view, one notes by universal consensus of reports, prevails in Moscow at present.

It is unfair to select for discussion isolated points from so rich and suggestive a book. Yet the temptation is irresistible, for the parts that excited this reviewer were those especially pertinent to well-known problems. Most interesting were the splendid chapters on the Impact of Industrialization and the solid effort entitled Toward the Greatest Army. Covering a part of this ground, a doctrinaire writer like Souvarine arrived at the flat conclusion that Stalin dared not arm the Russian people, and that they certainly would not defend his Russia. The facts have disproved that central Trotskyist idea. The process of building that army and the way the inner conflicts were resolved are brilliantly set down by Mr. White.

Mr. White's book once more brings us up sharply against the great and perhaps tragic either-or of political history as our idealist generation has lived it. To express the dilemma in military terms, we have been confronted with this choice: either the revolutionary democracy of the red militias, with all their inefficiency, or the dictatorially controlled regular army of the present Russian type, together with its colossal power. The antithesis has been oversimplified, of course, but we had always hoped that it was possible to organize an army that would combine efficiency with democracy, just as we had always believed, it seems vainly, that a strong revolutionary party could be built that would have no need of Minzian sophistication. It is on this point that the general reader will find Mr. White so profitable a companion. I constantly found myself illustrating Mr. White's points with my own memories of the evolution of the Spanish republican army during 1936-37. And constantly Mr. White's discussion sets my memories in more logical perspective. The Spanish army experienced similar crises of morale and doctrine.

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There was the period of spontaneous heroism, the period of romantic yet pure revolutionism, with its extravagance and confusion; then followed the period of conscription and regularization, with the Communist Party striving for control and achieving it in part. And this was the period of greatest combat efficiency—which was again most notable in the Communist regiments. Was it due to the Popular Front's sacrifice of revolutionary doctrine, or to the perspectives reached by the Communist Party, or to the consequent emergence of an expendable shock corps, necessarily limited in size? The terms are military, but they have their civil meanings. And these, in the near future, every liberal will be forced to reconsider. For those non-specialists who can make their civil translations Mr. White has written a book so solid, so dense with material, that, whatever one's beliefs, one must take account of it.

RALPH BATES

The Art of Drawing

HISTORY AND TECHNIQUE OF OLD MASTER DRAWINGS. By Charles de Tolnay. 261 Collotypes after Drawings; 120 Plates. H. Bittner and Company. $20.

IN HIS preface to the present volume Mr. de Tolnay mentions his indebtedness to Joseph Meder's handbook on old-master drawings; his acknowledgment is, in a sense, an unnecessary one. There are enormous gaps in the field of art-historiography filled only by certain standard works, which have remained immobilized in authority although their scope has proportionately grown narrower just as modern psychological and social concepts have expanded. The iconographer of the past should not be minimized for his pioneer research or his presentation of documented information, but he has too often approached his material as though it were some sublime form of philately, ruled by autonomous laws, insulated in the secrets of its own scholarship, and virtually divorced from experience. Mr. de Tolnay, on the other hand, without any sacrifice to scientific thoroughness, has investigated his subject with a profound insight into both its human and its abstract implications, and his contribution is one of vital originality and importance.

Drawing has been defined and evaluated according to the shifting tastes of various epochs. In the sixteenth century it was considered the parent of the three fine arts. The next century saw it related to a Platonic essence and described as of "divine origin." Diderot later referred to drawing as "form" and to color as "life"; Ingres called it the "probity of art"; Sensier, announcing the beginnings of French subjectivism, suggested that in a drawing the audience becomes the artist's confessor, "grasps the man, *par le corps et par le cœur,* and judges him to the roots of his being." The modern tendency has been to regard drawing as a quick and spontaneous communication in the hand of the artist, as revelatory as an entry in a diary but a fragmentary and informal means of expression.

Mr. de Tolnay has succeeded in objectively systematizing these diverse judgments and in organizing an impressive mass of material from which he presents his own brilliant argument, emphasizing his theories with philosophical and

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literary parallels that range from Thomas Aquinas to Baudelaire. His survey traces the *arte del desegno* from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth, analyzes its complex development, and appraises its independent aesthetic achievement. Mr. de Tolnay divides drawing into three categories, which form a basis for the identification of its schools and periods. The first is linear drawing, which is essentially two-dimensional; the paper is treated as a flat surface, plastic interest is neglected for rhythmic line quality, and each object is separated and inclosed within the contour of its own outline. The second is the plastic method, in which the surface of the paper is conceived metaphorically as a space and the objects as plastic quantities; the effects of modeling and of light and shadow are produced by hatchings or crossed lines, while a wash is sometimes used to heighten the illusion of three-dimensionality. The pictorial is the third, a treatment in which the surface is interpreted as an enveloping atmosphere with objects appearing in it often as mere condensations.

> These three basic methods—which are also found in the other fine arts—correspond to three fundamental attitudes of man in the face of reality. The world may be regarded as pure objective substance, in which case the artist emphasizes the closed contour, or it may be seen as a struggle between substance and vital forces, in which case he will emphasize the plastic form, or, finally, he may take it as a subjective impression of the interference of forces without substance, in which case he will turn to the pictorial manner.

Mr. de Tolnay goes on to place these methods in their corresponding periods of development, observing that although a general tendency has been complicated and distorted by a local tradition from time to time, none the less the style which has been preferred by the "collective consciousness of humanity" during that interval has remained of primary importance. This is a welcome contradiction of the theory, popular among various contemporary art historians, that an individual genius is responsible for every major change of taste in art. But. Mr. de Tolnay successfully disposes of more than one theory or "established" fact. The complex and fertile aspects of his accomplishment lend themselves more easily to appreciation than they do to summary or quotation. His book is a valuable addition to the wisdom of the world.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

Inside Europe

THE LION RAMPANT: THE STORY OF HOLLAND'S RESISTANCE TO THE NAZIS. By L. de Jong and Joseph W. F. Stoppelman. Querido. $3.

THE WHITE BRIGADE. By Robert Goffin. English version by Charles Lam Markmann. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

THE full story of life under the Nazis on the darkened continent of Europe cannot, of course, be written until after the war, but here are two books that make a good beginning. "The Lion Rampant" is a comprehensive account of how the Germans have been treating Holland, and of the ever-mounting, futile fury of the Hollanders. The book deals with the passive, not the violent, phase of resistance.

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On the other hand, "The White Brigade" is entirely concerned with underground warfare in Belgium.

In the beginning the Germans meant to treat the Hollanders well, because they were Aryan blood brothers. The Dutch authors of "The Lion Rampant" make the rather surprising statement that existence still was bearable in the first year of Nazi subjugation. The Nazis thought they could convert the Dutch, and their efforts were persistent and often shrewd. They found a marvelous radio propagandist —a Hollander named Blokzijl, who did not merely parrot Nazi slogans but quietly and humorously talked to the "not inconsiderable group of hesitants, of 'possible converts'" in the Netherlands. The Nazis established a Culture Chamber which dispatched poets and paintings to Holland; they rounded up quite a few Dutch artists and musicians in their various guilds. They established special schools to educate Dutch Nazis—who numbered some 100,000—to the point where they could function as burgomasters.

One gets the uneasy impression that the Germans came near, in that first year, to converting the Dutch. The whole effort failed, however, because of German greed and stupidity. The greed was understandable, for conquerors always loot; in this case the plundering was carried on with an ingenuity and an efficiency which were positively awesome. The Germans' stupidity is difficult to comprehend. They infuriated the Dutch in needless ways, such as taking away their bicycles, applying a curfew, decreeing all manner of bureaucratic rules. Another thing that turned Dutch stomachs, praise be, was the Nazi campaign against Netherlands Jews. When the Jews had to wear a yellow Star of David, the Dutch spoke cordially to Jews they did not know, gave them seats in trolley cars, wore yellow flowers in their own lapels. When the Germans began deporting Dutch Jews to Polish slaughter areas, the Netherlands Christian churches made vigorous, if ineffective, protests.

Both the Protestant and Catholic churches were courageous bulwarks against Nazism. The Catholics, for example, refused to administer holy sacraments to anyone who supported the National Socialist idea. Laymen developed their own methods of boycott. Persons who joined the Dutch Nazi movement were cut by their friends and acquaintances. Young men who fought with the German armies in Russia were outcasts when they came home.

Apparently there was not as much violent resistance to the Nazis in Holland as in Belgium. "The White Brigade" tells in semi-fictional form the story of Belgians who systematically committed arson, sabotage, and murder. They built a tightly knit organization, each man well knowing that he probably would face horrible torture and death. The reader is taken along with Buchet, former office worker, who dresses up like a postman and delivers a parcel to a Nazi bigwig in Brussels; the parcel is a time bomb. On another mission, two young "efficiency experts" visit a war factory and leave the manager lying dead in the lavatory. We meet Deckers, a member of the White Brigade who was caught and was stood up before the German firing squad; he listened to the *"Ein . . . zwei . . ."*—but no *drei* was spoken. Ten times the Nazis stood him up, but still he wouldn't betray his comrades; on the eleventh occasion the *drei* was spoken.

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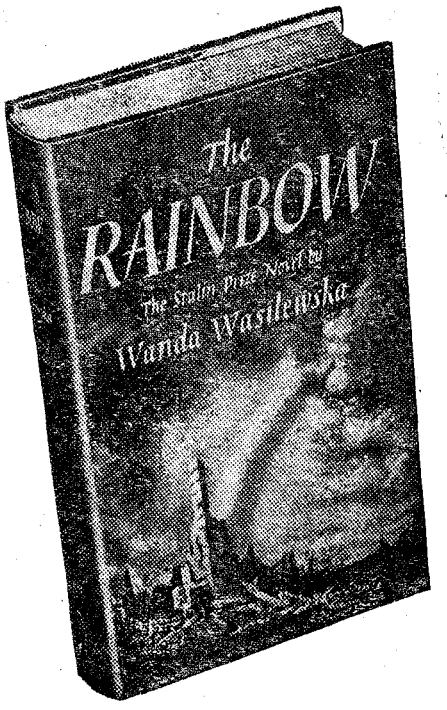
In reading these books, one reflects anew on the appalling reservoir of hatred which the German race has built up for itself. One wonders how many years or generations will pass before psychological peace can be restored to the European family of nations. MARCUS DUFFIELD

Fiction in Review

FREDERIC WAKEMAN'S "Shore Leave" (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50) is so far as I know the first novel of this war to concern itself with the effects of the war on our actual combatants. The action of "Shore Leave" takes place in January, 1943, when many of our Pacific fighters were already seasoned veterans, and it reports the emotional state of four navy fliers who have been sent to San Francisco on medical leave. Mr. Wakeman's four pilots are all in varying degree heroes. Although they come from different parts of the Union and from different family backgrounds, they are deeply bound to each other by their passion for flying, by their intimate knowledge of death, and, most of all, by the unbridgeable chasm separating them from the civilian world. They are nearer home than they have been for many months; yet none of them has any real desire for reunion with family or old friends. They share a desperate restlessness: the only way to spend their leave is to settle down to the serious business of drinking and the serious business of non-serious love-making. "Shore Leave" is a first report on our newest lost generation; it can be read as the spiritual parallel, from this war, to Ernest Hemingway's version of World War I.

But there is this not unimportant difference—there was no earlier Hemingway to direct the eye of the early Hemingway, whereas Mr. Wakeman follows not only Hemingway himself but all Hemingway's followers. That is, quite without benefit of a new war, the hard-drinking, tough-loving way of life has for years now been crystallizing into the whole view of life of a large section of our fiction—a historical fact that we are bound to take into account in reading Mr. Wakeman's novel. I do not mean that "Shore Leave," because it is familiar, is necessarily inaccurate in its observations; perhaps even in respect of its hangovers, World War II is merely a frightening repetition of World War I, and perhaps the influence of Hemingway persists into the fiction of the present war because Hemingway caught so much of the lasting truth of modern war. But one suspects that Mr. Wakeman could have written this same book, minus only the service stripes, long before Pearl Harbor. We are told he is an advertising-radio man in civilian life, and certainly this is basically the same old advertising-radio novel of psychological disorientation and spiritual unrest with which we have been acquainted for some time; of the relation between the Hemingway view of things and this literary-fringe view of things one has always wondered, indeed, whether it is a case of art imitating life or life imitating art. Of course, as I have said, the fact that Mr.Wakeman studies aftermaths of war which have already been charted does not mean that he is unreliable; it simply reduces the interest of his book as a story and as a first novel of a new war.

"Swing the Big-eyed Rabbit" by John Pleasant McCoy (Dutton, $2.50) is as beguiling as its title. It is the very simple story of two Southern mountain boys; one of them



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Wanda Wasilewska is now a war correspondent with the Red Army, and is also the leader of the Union of Polish Patriots organized in the U.S.S.R. Over 500,000 copies of *The Rainbow*, her fourth novel, have been sold in Russia. Price, $2.50

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longs for education and becomes a student at the mission school, and the other stays at home farming. With nothing to distinguish it that can be conveyed in synopsis, its charm is a matter of its author's decency and fondness for life and affection for people. Especially in a first novel, and a novel about youth, it is unusual for an author to show so much quiet respect for his characters; and Mr. McCoy's prose, too, is absolutely right—quiet, straight, and without a trace of self-consciousness or a single lapse from taste.

"Crazy Weather" by Charles L. McNichols (Macmillan, $2), also a first novel and also about adolescence, is scarcely less successful than "Swing the Big-eyed Rabbit," but it is a bit less endearing, perhaps because Mr. McNichols has set himself a rather more complicated task than Mr. McCoy. For one thing, there is more physical nature in Mr. McNichols's book—the scene is the Colorado Valley just before and during a hurricane—and for another, Mr. McNichols is telling the story of a white boy's adventure among the Mojave Indians and therefore has to recreate a quite alien way of thinking as well as the way of thinking of a growing boy. But both the young hero of "Crazy Weather" and its Indians are handled with respect; they are also attractive and convincing; and Mr. McNichols has a direct lively style which is better than merely workmanlike. A reader of current novels could do much worse than to spend an evening with "Swing the Big-eyed Rabbit," and anyone who has been caught by the romance of the Indians could practically be guaranteed pleasure from "Crazy Weather."

The more I read short stories the more I come to think that the form is an unrewarding one, except in the hands of the very greatest writers. For instance, if we could measure such things, the talent in the ten stories that make up "The Common Thread" by Michael Seide (Harcourt, Brace, $2) would surely count for much more in a novel than it does in this collection of short pieces; Mr. Seide has a good literary heart and eye and ear; yet his medium seems to be always stopping him short of what we feel he is capable of knowing and saying. But there is one other element to account for a reservation of praise—the poor-Jewish background of these stories, which seems so inevitably to make pity the dominant emotion. It is true that Mr. Seide's pity embraces all the characters in all his stories, whereas in most Jewish American fiction and in short fiction generally it is the I-person who absorbs the author's sympathies; still, where there is an overcharge of pity, whatever its direction, there is usually a lack of action and drama, and certainly the stories in "The Common Thread" would be the better for more movement in the world and less mood.

Mr. Seide writes wonderful dialogue, and what we can call his basic prose is excellent. But he has a bad habit of parentheses (such a tempting habit!) into which he likes to drop bits of fancy writing, and far too often, even outside the parentheses, he will destroy a first-rate passage by straining for effect. A sentence like the following, of which the fourth to eighth words should have been sternly rejected, is typical both of Mr. Seide's peculiar gift and his pursuing weakness: "An old woman hunched fatly against the freeze shuffled past him with her herring smell, muttering toothlessly that the world was much too small for her."

DIANA TRILLING

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IN BRIEF

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS AND OTHER POEMS. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

Written in the Emersonian transcendental tradition, these poems have as their main theme the search for changeless universal law, the attributes of which emerge in meditations concerning such subjects as eternity, authority, nature, and man. "Consult the shown,/Believe in the unknown." The trouble with most of the 104 poems in this collection is that the ideas are superimposed on the poems. Theme and language therefore lack logical and imaginative interconnection. The metaphors are often forced or so drawn out that they neutralize each other; and series of subordinate clauses and repetitious constructions, earmarks of hasty composition, blunt and obscure the meaning. With a few notable exceptions—April, 1942, or Down World, for instance—Mr. Van Doren is at his best when he writes about details of intimate experience, as in some half-dozen poems in the section called The Double Life. They are charming, affecting, and lucid.

YEARS OF THIS LAND: A GEOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Hermann R. Muelder and David M. Delo. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.50.

What were the natural forces that in combination produced the mountains, valleys, plains, waterways, mineral deposits, and forests of the section of the earth that became the United States, and how did they influence the settlement and development of the country by European immigrants? And what in turn have Americans done to the land in their rapid exploitation of its resources? A historian and a geologist, both professors at a Midwestern college, have cooperated in answering these questions, and this notably stimulating little volume is the result. The Committee on American History may disapprove of it because it is short on dates, but alert teachers of the social sciences will seize on it as lively and profitable reading for their students. The maps and illustrations are excellent.

GERMANS IN THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA. By Germán Arciniegas. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This is a good introduction to history as Latin Americans like it: lively, stimulating, very personal, and perhaps a little overweighted for the sake of the argument. The story of the expeditions to the New World financed by the German banking houses of Fugger and Welser makes interesting reading, and the simpler imperialism of the sixteenth century is not uninstructive. Whether it demonstrates, as the author implies, that Spaniards are essentially tougher and more splendid than Germans, and vagabonds more apt to found an empire than bankers, the reader can decide for himself. The intimation of a parallel with twentieth-century Nazi penetration in South America is more questionable; that is the sort of simplification of history which prevents real understanding of either the past or the present.

FILMS

TARDILY, I arch my back and purr deep-throated approval of "The Curse of the Cat People," which I caught by pure chance, one evening, on a reviewer's holiday. Masquerading as a routine case of Grade B horrors—and it does very well at that job—the picture is in fact a brave, sensitive, and admirable little psychological melodrama about a lonely six-year-old girl, her inadequate parents, a pair of recluses in a neighboring house, and the child's dead, insane mother, who becomes the friend and playmate of her imagination. Since you have probably heard about it already from other reviewers, and since it is the sort of picture anyhow which deserves to give one the pleasure of personal discovery, I will not do more than say that dozens of the details are as excellent as the whole intention. Certain confusions in the plot—especially one scene in which the imaginary playmate, by pinning a gift to her gown, momentarily seems to categorize herself as a mere studio wraith—suggests that the people who made the film worked out two versions, one with conventional supernatural trimmings, the other, the far from conventional story they got away with. I was rather pleased than not, incidentally, by the trick, or accident, or both, which kept me and the audience uncertain, clear to the end, whether the ghost was a "real" ghost or the far more real fantasy of the child. In the same way I liked the ambiguous melodrama about the daft old actress and her tortured daughter, in the sinister house; though here I would have liked even better the much purer, quieter realism which they would have achieved if they had taken their key from the wonderfully chosen house itself. I wish that the makers of the film, and RKO, might be given some special award for the whole conception and performance of the family servant, who is one of the most unpretentiously sympathetic, intelligent, anti-traditional, and individualized Negro characters I have ever seen presented on the screen. And I hope that the producer, Val Lewton, and the rest of his crew may be left more and more to their own devices; they have a lot of taste and talent, and they are carrying films a long way out of Hollywood.

Even so, they have things to learn. This had every right to be a really first-rate movie; but good as it is, it is full of dead streaks—notably the writing, directing, and playing of the parts of the parents and the kindergarten teacher—and there are quite a few failures of imagination and of taste. The people with whom I saw the film—a regular Times Square horror audience—were sharply on to its faults and virtues. When the Ideal Playmate (Simone Simon) first appeared to the imagination of the infant in a dress and a lascivious lighting which made her façade look like

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a relief map from What Every Young Husband Should Know, they laughed their heads off. They laughed again, with tender and perceptive spontaneity, when, confronted by snobbery, the little girl caught her shoulders into a bewildered, instinctively pure shrug of distaste. And when the picture ended and it was clear beyond further suspense that anyone who had come to see a story about curses and were-cats should have stayed away, they clearly did not feel sold out; for an hour they had been captivated by the poetry and danger of childhood, and they showed it in their thorough applause.

That is, I grant, a specialized audience, unobstreperous, poor, metropolitan, and deeply experienced. The West Times Square audience is probably, for that matter, the finest movie audience in the country (certainly, over and over, it has proved its infinite superiority to the run of the "art-theater" devotees—not to mention, on paper which must brave the mails, the quality and conduct of Museum of Modern Art film audiences). As long as such an audience exists, no one in Hollywood has a right to use the stupidity of the public for an alibi; and I suspect that a few more films as decent and human as this one would indicate that there is a very large and widely distributed audience indeed for good films. JAMES AGEE

RECORDS

THE Budapest Quartet's performance of Beethoven's Opus 132 in Columbia's new set (545; $5.50) is a superb statement of the work; but its recorded sound, though spacious and clear and bright, is cold and hard in moderate sonorities, brash and harsh as it gets louder, strident in fortissimo, and left my ears aching at the end. Also, poor balance destroys the effect of one of the great moments that I described last week—the moment, in the middle of the second movement, where the melody of the first violin, at a great height and as though at a great distance, conveys a vision of a celestial joy: as recorded, that melody is blanketed by the figuration of the second violin. And some of the breaks between record-sides are so placed in the music as to be unusually disturbing. On the other hand the surfaces of my copy are quieter than surfaces have been in a long time.

Columbia also offers Brahms's "Schicksalslied" ("Song of Fate"), sung in English, for no good reason, by the Westminster Choir with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Bruno Walter (Set X-223; $2.50). The music is only for the fanatical Brahms-lover that I was once but am no longer; the performance seems to have been good; but while the recorded sound of the orchestra is natural and agreeable, that of the chorus is distorted and shrieky. What I said about the surfaces of the Beethoven set hold for this one.

For its record classic drawn from its catalogue Columbia has chosen Stravinsky's own performance of his "Sacre du printemps" with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (set 417; $4.50). It is a magnificent performance of this powerful work; and the cold, hard clarity of the recorded sound—the best that Columbia has achieved with the New York Philharmonic—happens to be appropriate to the character of the music. The surfaces of the new pressing are not as quiet as those of the original pressing, but are markedly quieter than surfaces have been.

Tchaikovsky, who loved Mozart's music above all other, wrote once in his diary: "Of course, in loving all of Mozart, I shall not begin insisting that each unimportant piece of his music is a *chef-d'oeuvre*. No! I know, for example, that not one of his sonatas is a great composition. Nevertheless, I love every one of his sonatas because it is his, because his sacred breath was breathed into it." This is the attitude one can feel for a great many works of Mozart that are the uninteresting products of a skilful craftsman trying to earn a living—among them the Divertimento K.563 for violin, viola, and cello that Heifetz, Primrose, and Feuermann recorded for Victor (Set 959; $4.50). For the most part—except for the charming minuet movement—it goes through the motions of musical activity without anything really happening; but we are aware that these motions—the characteristic turns of phrase and cadences and so on—are the motions of Mozart's mind, even if this mind is not deeply engaged in them; and once in a while we hear something like the passage at the beginning of the development in the first movement (middle of the first record-side) where the modulations are as bold and the effect as powerful as they are at the same point in the great Piano Concerto K.595. There was a Columbia set of an exquisite ensemble performance by the Pasquier Trio; the Victor set gives us a good performance by three solo virtuosos restraining their usual tendencies to command the stage. In the lively movements Heifetz plays with the simplicity of phrasing that has been evident in previous recorded performances in which he has appeared to be influenced by the impeccable musicianship of Feuermann; but in the slow movements there are the fussy swells and the archnesses of the normal Heifetz style. The recorded sound is excellent, except for a slight tipping of the balance toward the bass, and a few buzzes and rattles; and most of the surfaces are quieter than surfaces have been.

Victor also has issued a set (961; $3.50) of a Sonata for organ on the 94th Psalm by Julius Reubke, a pupil of Liszt, who died in 1858 at the age of twenty-four. It is performed by E. Power Biggs, who contends that "like the poet Gray with his immortal 'Elegy,' Reubke with this one musical creation is assured of a place among the greatest of the romantic composers, and becomes a worthy successor to Bach himself in the developing stream of organ literature." Mr. Biggs exaggerates; and whereas I can value in an inferior work of Mozart the impress of the mind that gave us his great works, I cannot value in this sonata the impress of the mind of Liszt that I don't like even in Liszt's own pretentious works. Again I must wonder at the original decision to record the work when so many greater things were still unrecorded, and even more at the decision now to devote to it the materials, plant, and labor that are insufficient for the great things already in the catalogue. The performance seems good and is well recorded.

On a single disc (11-8566; $1) Victor has issued the superb Slavonic Dances Nos. 1 and 3 of Dvorák in buoyant and brilliant performances by the St. Louis Symphony under Golschmann that are recorded with richness and spaciousness. On another (11-8568; $1) are two songs of no great consequence—Duparc's "Chanson triste" and Mattei's "Non è ver"—which are agreeable to listen to as sung by John Charles Thomas. And on still another (11-8567; $1) is an Etude of Liapunov, a Caucasian dance entitled "Lesghinka," of which Brailovsky plays the brilliant fast parts without brilliance and the quieter middle part in an excessively mannered style.

As for the set of Frederick Stock's orchestral version of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat for organ—that requires extended comment, which it will get next time. B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Minor Blitz

Dear Sirs: We are having to evolve a technique for the minor blitz which we have now had for several nights. It is a bit like sea-sickness practice in that it doesn't serve for the next time, but after the first part of the voyage you find yourself on deck again, with sea legs, more or less. The difference this time is the terrific noise, most of which, I suppose, we make. We have poppers and squishers—these, going up, sound like bombs coming down, and they provide a certain tenseness before it is finally determined which they are. So far as my neighborhood is concerned, they have all so far been of home manufacture. Another difference is that it is quality and not duration which counts. That is to say, instead of lasting all night, with lulls, these raids are all concentrated into about an hour, and I must say that hour is pretty well filled. The question is whether to get up or not. There is a shelter a few doors off. On the other hand it is bitterly cold, and it is a moot point whether to die of bomb or chill. I usually stay in bed in my corner and reflect, as I used to in the last blitz, that while a lot of London may be hit, it is quite astonishing how much isn't.

I think perhaps that this bombing has come at the right moment. The winter is rather a time for hibernation and slowing down in the natural course of things, and the bombing has brought home to us all a fresh realization of what is before us and that it can't be coped with by wishing it were all over. I think that when we entered the fifth year of the war, we slumped a bit. Unconsciously we couldn't avoid thinking of wars in terms of four years and not five. I don't mean that everything was not done that it was possible to do in the winter, but that morally we couldn't go on gasping at the same high pitch for a second front and all that it entails, and that a bit of regular bombing, which we are promised faithfully will grow worse, has set our noses to the grindstone again and made us brace up for a fresh effort. People outside the country must find it difficult to realize the amount of bracing that is necessary. In the sense, I mean, that a violin string has to be tuned to the proper pitch before it can produce its effect. There is a whole orchestra of tuning going on since the bombing, and when strings snap, they are used again, a little shorter. I thought the Prime Minister's speech as usual met the case. I always like his defiance when he promises us no primrose path.

However that may be, one of the most encouraging things about bombing as it is at present is the description of its effect on London put out by the Germans. According to them, London was a mass of flames, Londoners were fleeing to the country in thousands, and all the services were out of order. That they should feel the need to reproduce, probably, the effect of a raid on Berlin when they can be proved wrong by millions of people seems to me a measure which must recoil on them. I meet people who live in most of the London districts, and while nobody looks on even very slight bombing as a treat, I cannot say that I have either seen or heard of anything in the least comparable with what happened during the first blitz. There may be roads barred—I have not seen any. There may be trains not running—I have not heard of any. Along my route to the office there is one rather conspicuous hit, but apparently nobody was hurt. In short, it seems almost stupid to attempt to contradict anything so fantastic, except that this is a means of showing what the Germans feel it necessary to invent. What may come is quite another thing. So far, however, there is nothing to write home about, except to contrast it with what went before.

The "war-firsts" and the reconstructionists are finding each other difficult just now. Finish the war, says one, and he is manifestly right. If you finish it and have made no preparation for the future, you'll have it coming to you, says the other. And that is true too. Of course you will have the same problems of housing, employment, finding the right niches for people who will come back into civil life by the million. And if it takes four or five years to screw people up to the victory point, it also takes years to let them down again on any fair sort of principle. A lot of work *is* being done, and since it is in the frigid realm of principle, it takes much thought and time. Ministries are doing a lot of inter-departmental communing to bring the various interests into line. Our country has been pretty well hacked about. The necessity for immense aerodromes, most of them constructed in a hurry, and the necessity for getting our own iron ore, gravel, and cement in this small country has made for a good deal of disfigurement. If you go down the river valleys, you will see immense lakes caused by the many gravel pits, while sides of hills are being cut away for lime. One ceases to have the feeling that countries are inexhaustible, and wonders how this cutting away of England and devastation of its surface is going to work out. I suppose it is not really worse than all that the railways did to the country, which we now take for granted.

M. H.

London, February 22

Note on TVA

Dear Sirs: It may not be sufficiently noted, among other achievements, that the wisest act of TVA was one of omission. The Authority did *not* name a dam for either of two disappointed applicants for that honor: Senator McKellar and Representative Rankin.

WILLSON WHITMAN

Woodside, L. I., March 18

How About the Electors?

Dear Sirs: The "compromise" bill just passed by the Senate makes no provision, nor did the measures from which it was compounded, for voting by service men in the November election for electors in the several states, by whom, and not by the voters at large, the President and Vice-President are to be elected. Those electors must be chosen by name—one for each Senator and Representative in each state. Votes for the candidates will not elect those electors; indeed, it is only in recent years that the names of the respective candidates for President and Vice-President have been on the ballots. It is possible for the popular vote for the candidates of one party to exceed that for other candidates who may yet be elected President and Vice-President by a majority vote of the electors.

The Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution provides that "the electors shall meet in their respective states now by law on the first Wednesday in December and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President . . . and they shall make a distinct list of all persons voted for as

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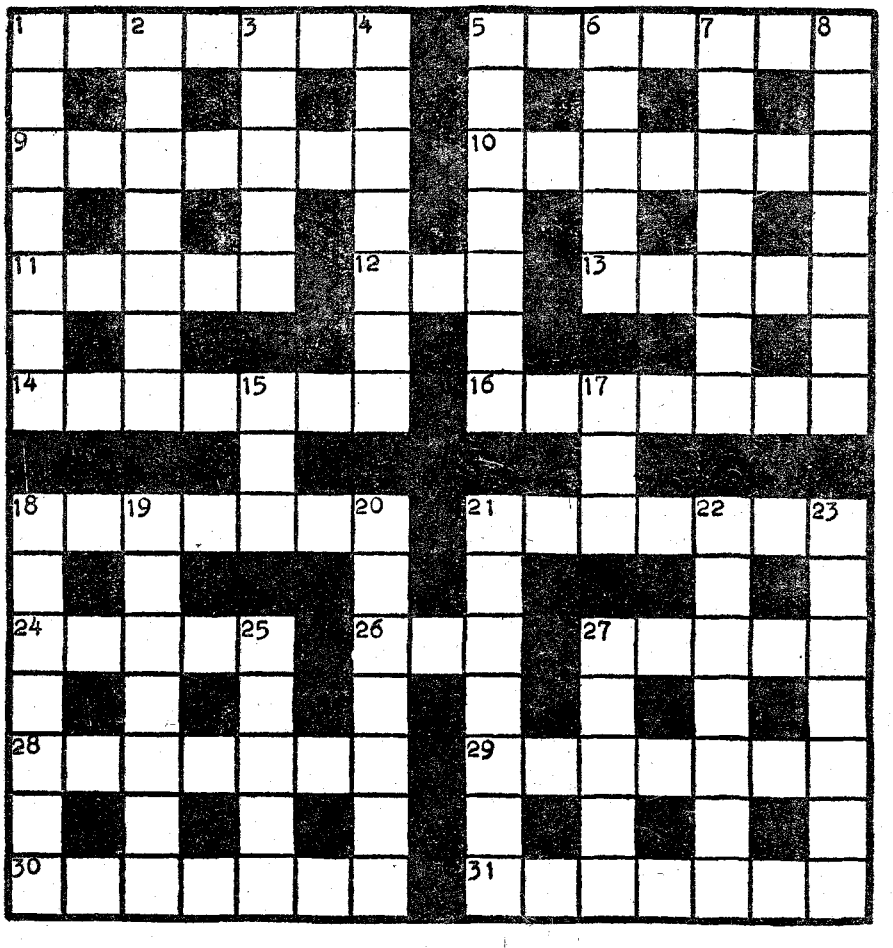
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 58

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 The broken axle Edward raised on high
5 One sip is enough to show that it is tasteless
9 Common complaint in cold climates
10 Color of an automobile belonging to me
11 Failed to make the grade, so was furious
12 A two-legged animal without feathers
13 A dashing fellow, but a boy at heart
14 The only branch of modern trade that really interested the old sculptors
16 The highest seems always superlative
18 Game that is about played out
21 He must remember to forget his tools
24 A word for the children to get out
26 As ye sew, so shall ye ---
27 Herds when broken up often go to pot
28 Warm a chicken for an unbeliever
29 Italian, I see
30 Good wishes from your correspondent
31 Traders (anag.)

DOWN

1 Called for another
2 It is in the ant, iguana and antelope
3 All dressed up and—weary
4 You can get home in a day from this place in Africa
5 Holy smoke
6 In what dwarf tree would you find a brush?
7 And confidential, perhaps
8 "Win us with honest trifles, to betray us in ------- consequence" (*Macbeth*)
15 Was she immune to measles because she'd Adam?
17 This bird can't fly
18 Might be in there or therein, but actually is not one or the other
19 Wild horse equally at home on the prairie or in the air
20 Better halves wear them on their lower halves in Malay
21 Leaf from an old book
22 Pass between Italy and Austria
23 Mussolini is embraced by a Russian and completely subdued
25 Where the pilot might "black-out"?
27 In India—sounds like it, too!

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 57

ACROSS:—1 SENSE; 4 PLAZA-TORO; 9 OUTSIDE; 10 INTERIM; 11 NAIL; 12 SATAN; 13 PIER; 16 INGENUE; 17 LEATHER; 19 LACONIC; 22 GARAGED; 24 DEBT; 25 MILAN; 26 ANIL; 29 VENISON; 30 DIAGRAM; 31 SATURNINE; 32 ELLEN.

DOWN:—1 SPOONBILL; 2 NOTHING; 3 EMIT; 4 PRELATE; 5 ABIGAIL; 6 ALTO; 7 OGREISH; 8 ORMER; 14 INANE; 15 HAIRY; 18 REDDLEMAN; 20 CABINET; 21 CHIANTI; 22 GRANDEE; 23 GENERAL; 24 DIVES; 27 TSAR; 28 SALE.

President and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify and transmit, sealed, to the seat of the government of the United States; the president of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President. . . ." The certificates shall be opened and votes counted on the sixth day of January. That will be done in the presence of the next Congress, not the present one; it is possible, and not improbable, that in that Congress the Senate may have a Democratic majority, the House a Republican majority.

There is no provision of law now as to the procedure in case of dispute about the validity or insufficiency of one or more certificates such as brought into being the Electoral Commission of 1876-77. In such a débâcle there would be only two weeks in which to resolve the difficulty.

It is more than passing strange that throughout the discussion of the soldier vote the question of votes for electors, and by the electors, has been ignored, even in the article Same Old Fraud in your issue of March 11. Is it not of sufficient importance for consideration?

CHARLES LAMSON GRIFFIN

Maplewood, N. J., March 11

CONTRIBUTORS

SERGIO BAGU, a distinguished Argentine educator now in New York, is the author of "Mariano Moreno," a book about the Argentine independence movement, and "Hombres en el Camino," dealing with the Argentine middle class.

MANUEL SEOANE, Latin American journalist and former leader of the Aprista Party in the Peruvian parliament, is now living in exile in Chile.

JOACHIM JOESTEN, assistant editor of *Newsweek*, is the author of "What Russia Wants."

KARL O. PAETEL lost his German citizenship when Hitler came to power because of his books and articles on the Nazi movement. He later wrote a number of pamphlets for the French underground.

MARIANNE MOORE is the author of "The Pangolin and Other Verse" and "What Are Years."

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